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TAKE HEART:

with our nine voluptuous Valentines

LOUISE, AT 16, WITH HER HUSBAND'S ENCOURAGEMENT

LEGENDARY LINDBERGH: PORTRAIT OF A LONE EAGLE

ON HER BIKE: IT'S BELINDA IN BLACK LEATHER

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Vol. 18 No. 2

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Luscious Louise, page 51. Hudson-Essex Cars, page 60

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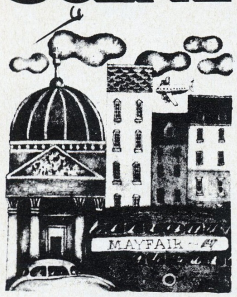
SCENE



Can you think of a more perfect Valentine? Joanne Latham is back by public demand on our cover this month and we are more than happy to feature her again. Joanne's last cover and photo-set in Vol 17 No 10 proved a real winner and readers are still writing in to compliment us on her. We hope to welcome her back to our inside pages shortly but in the meantime I'm sure you'll agree that as a treat for February 14, she is ideal.

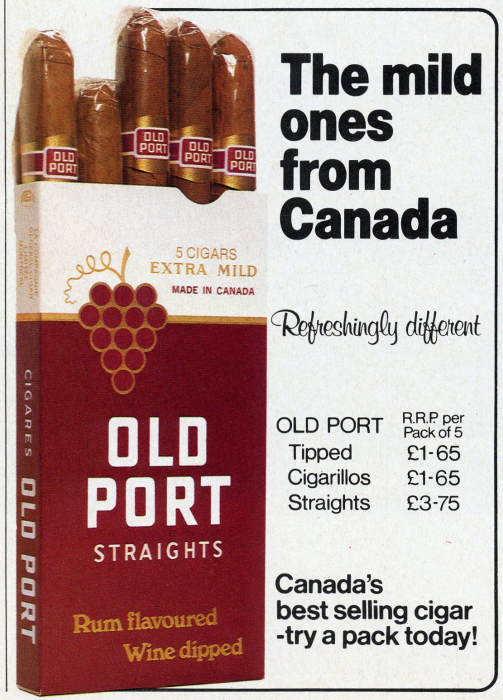
February 14 is also a great time for a party, and if you are having one, then why not fancy dress? One of the most unusual party costume hire shops that we have heard of is *Escapade* at 150 Camden High Street, London NW1. Their range of costumes is quite amazing. Imagine a stripping nun outfit (a habit that peels off to reveal black lingerie). Or how about choosing a sexy witch ensemble complete with slit-side black robe and more stockings and suspenders. Then, of course, there are the more familiar French maids' and can-can girl dresses or the gaiety girl outfit with plunge-front and fishnet tights. An exciting prospect. But the men haven't been left out of the range. Would you dare to wear an 'Angry of Mayfair' (no connection with us) outfit? That consists of a costume that appears to be a smart business suit from the front but with a very different view from behind. Black stockings, suspenders and white frilly knickers are revealed instead! Then again you might prefer a 'flashing apron.' A simple pinny that lifts up to reveal a giant rubber tool. If that doesn't break the ice at a party, nothing will! Prices range from about £15 for one of the dresses over the weekend to £25 for those who feel the need to attend parties dressed as a banana. For more details ring 01-485 7384.

'For a matinée idol you don't give many performances.'

Don't miss our fascinating insight into the life of Charles Lindbergh (*Legendary Lindbergh: Portrait of a Lone Eagle*, page 38). As any schoolboy will tell you, Lindbergh was the first man to fly solo across the Atlantic. But this feat has rather overshadowed the rest of his life which was full of equally audacious achievements. Starting out as a barnstorming pilot in a flying circus, he was the first man to ride the wing of a biplane as it completed a full loop. Then during the second world war, he managed to shoot down a Japanese plane *as a civilian*. Yet he was a dedicated pacifist whose admiration of German efficiency was so great, that some even labelled him as a Nazi – and indeed he was decorated personally by Luftwaffe head, Hermann Goering. He also shunned all stimulants including coffee and Coca Cola. His story is one of enthusiasm, daring and tragedy and Gerald Rawling's account makes intriguing reading.

If you detect an even greater degree of loving care in Andrew Morland's photographs of Hudson and Essex cars (*Getaway Cars*, page 60), then you'd be quite correct. For Andrew does have a certain bias – he owns one. The 1928 Super Six Phaeton pictured at the top of page 60 is his very own and has been for the last two years. During that time he has completely rebuilt the engine with the aid of his local garage who happen to be specialists in this kind of work. One of only a dozen in England, Andrew has done about 700 miles in the car, always attracting admiring glances. 'Some people mistake us for bank robbers,' he joked, referring to the 'gangster-like' appearance of the car. The other pictures were taken at the annual meeting of the Hudson/Essex Terraplane Club's Californian Chapter.

For a good laugh, it is hard to beat a bawdy cartoon, and one of the best exponents of the art is ffolkes. A year or so ago he released a book of his naughtiest, entitled *Rude as You Please*. Now a follow-up, *Ruder, If You Please* is available, published by Unwin paperbacks priced £1.50. The subjects that are covered by ffolkes' Rabelaisian wit range from myth to the movie industry (as above). Well worth adding to your collection, it's been passed around our office several times and is rapidly becoming our most well-thumbed paperback.



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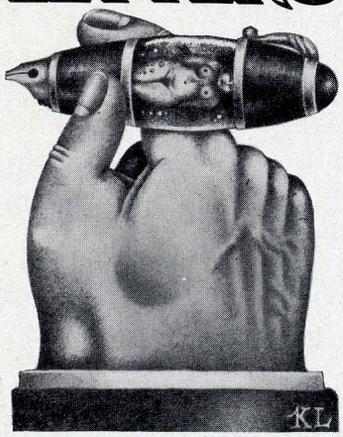
LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*
Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Congratulations on your Christmas edition, it was truly great. Marina was a real find and the features were quite fantastic. *The Raid to Rescue Mussolini* was fascinating as was *Where No Man has Gone Before*, the illustrations for which were marvellous. Thanks, *Mayfair*, you saved my Christmas from an abyss of awful TV.
BSC, Sheffield

Christmas *Mayfair* was quite simply sensational. I haven't seen a better package of features and great girls. Marvellous.
TDK, Whipsnade

Whilst I whole-heartedly agree with all the praise you heaped upon Marina in Vol 17 No 12, but what about Jane Hamilton? It was great to see more of her. I for one shall never forget that picture of her on the cover of Vol 17 No 3. She has the best legs in the business.
WAL, Bootle

We are still receiving letters praising our Christmas issue and the girls and features in it. If you missed it then it is available as a back number priced £2.25.

Many readers may be interested in the work of Robert Burns, after your revelation about some of his naughtier works in *Scene* Vol 17 No 12. They might like to try to get hold of a LP, *The Merry Wives of Caledonia* on Elektra records. The songs on it are taken from a publication of the same title (1827 edition) written/and or collected by Burns. They are sung quite delightfully by Paul Clayton.
H Douglas-Reid, Buxton

You may be interested in a startling new practical joke! It was revealed to me by a friend who has a penchant for such whimsey and tried it out last holiday time. What I didn't know was that later he was to play it on me – very successfully. Apparently he and his mates roam the beaches watching out for people as they go swimming. Then when they disappear into the waves, they grab the swimmers' cameras from on top of their piles of clothes and decide to add a little to their holiday snaps. Usually this involves close-ups of each others' bums and sometimes even their tackle.
The result being, as I found out, after my wife and I went on a day-out to our local safari park, when you get the film back you are in for something of a surprise. In our case we were showing the pictures of the visit to our neighbour when suddenly a five by three inch print of a large tool came into view.
'What's that, Keith?' asked my nubile neighbour with interest.
'I must have got my thumb in the way,' I bluffed. It was only later that my mate told me of his little game.
So as you plan your holiday remember this piece of advice. Always hang on to your camera. There is just no telling otherwise just what could develop.
KCP, Hemel Hempstead

I did enjoy your feature in Vol 17 No 9 entitled *The Day the Battleship Died* concerning the sinking of the *Repulse* and the *Prince of Wales*. You may however be interested to know that the name of the captain of the *Prince of Wales* lives on.
As you mentioned in the feature Captain John Leach went down with the ship as it sank along with the Admiral in charge of the whole Force Z operation. What you may not know is that Captain Leach had a son who recently retired as the First Sea Lord. It was under him that Britain was so successful in the Falklands. Obviously the lessons of Force Z were handed down from father to son to great effect.
HCC, London W1

May I congratulate you on your excellent *Quest* survey on bottoms. I was particularly amused by the tale which your first interviewee told about winning a 'best bum' competition. What a fascinating idea! I also liked your third interviewee's story of the erotic effect of having her bottom spanked.
I'm very much a bottom fancier and also enjoy giving and receiving mild hand spanking. This can be very pleasurable and arousing if done in the right way. The best technique is to shape your hand slightly so that you bring it down bent on the full face of your partner's bottom. Ideally, smacking one cheek at a time. A couple of dozen of such smacks will leave your partner's bottom warm and tingling – not to say glowing – and ready for a good time in bed. The best position to my mind is submissively bent over one knee. That way have full contact with one another and observe his or her bottom wobbling as you apply the punishment.
Mayfair obviously appreciates the female *derrière*. The recent pictures of Joanne Latham in Vol 17 No 10 and Di Morris in the second edition of *Best of Mayfair* prove it. Incidentally another girl with a superb bottom is the lady who cuts my hair. Especially when she wears her red knee breeches which hug her bum and emphasise the crack of her cheeks. The other week she caught me looking at it admiringly and she asked me if I liked it.
I told her I'd like to give it a good spanking. But she told me that this pleasure was reserved for her husband. Still I am able to look.
Thanks again, *Mayfair* I think we bottom men deserve lots more.
SJ, Merseyside

'Come on, what's the matter? You were all right at rehearsal.'

Well, Gentlemen, you certainly hit the nail on the head in your *Quest* interviews in your Christmas edition. The Santa Claus syndrone, as you called it, whereby girls are turned on by the generosity of men, is perfectly true in every detail. I know just how much an act of that nature can lead to sex because it happened when a man did something nice for me.
Last winter, I was driving through Dorset during the particularly bad weather and it proved too much for my ancient Morris 1000 and I had assistance just like one of your interviewees. Having been previously stuck in the snow, in strange country, seemingly miles from anywhere, I was desperate. My Santa Claus gave

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Aileen

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALLAN SASS

Browsers through the National Gallery are often struck by the paintings of Tiepolo. The girls he paints have a cherubic charm that catch the eye. It's a beauty shared by 21-year-old Aileen Fowler whose looks have also been captured on canvas. For 34-23-34 Aileen often works as an artist's model. 'It was my ex-boyfriend's idea first,' she told us. 'He painted as a hobby and wanted to do me in oils, nude of course. I was only too keen.' But Aileen admits that it wasn't as easy as she thought it was going to be, saying, 'I never could keep still.'

But now Aileen is so good at posing nude she often works for art classes in her home town of Coventry. Mind you, she admits that it can be a bit uncomfortable. 'A lot of the classes are held in schools and some of the rooms are very draughty. Worse still they often sit you on an old wooden chair. You can get splinters in the most awkward places.' But does Aileen have artistic ambitions herself? 'I've offered to paint my old boyfriend but he says he'd never be able to pose nude for me. I think he was worried about getting, you know, excited,' which could easily be a problem with charming Aileen around.

On her nights away from the art classes, Aileen likes to sample the nightlife of Coventry. She can often be spotted in the audience at the Belgrade Theatre as she confesses to having a predilection for thrillers or enjoying a glass of lager in *The Rocket*. 'Some people think that Coventry is dead but they're wrong. There are great clubs and you get some good bands on. Last week I went to see John Denver. I think his songs are superb.' She also enjoys eating out especially at the restaurants in the Warwickshire villages. 'They are so unpretentious,' she said. 'I may be an artist's model but I'm certainly not a poseur.'

LETTERS

continued from page 10

me a lift to his cottage and looked after me for the night until the weather was better. I was so happy, I just had to repay him. I'm not normally the sort of girl who sleeps around, it just seemed the only way to show how pleased I was.
As we were making love, I just kept thinking how great he had been. That is all it really takes to get a girl going – a sympathetic nature.
Julie, Portsmouth

Can you please tell me who is the gorgeous young lady who appears in the 'Milk's gotta lotta bottle' advertisements on television? The one I'm referring to is the sexy fair-haired one who emerges from the rugby scrum and goes on to score a try – thanks to milk no doubt. If you can find out, do ask her if she would be willing to appear in *Mayfair*.
John Davies, Herefordshire

The lady you are talking about is 20-year-old actress Julie Dennis. Sadly though she is too shy to appear in our magazine, but perhaps with more milk she'll have the bottle.

As an interested reader of *Mayfair* and its letters pages I thought I would write and share my story with other readers. It concerns the unexpected outcome of what might seem innocent but adventurous sexual involvement.
Last summer my wife Angela (name changed) and I booked a holiday flat in Italy. Angela is a 26-year-old stunner. She is about five feet six inches tall with a near perfect figure and long brown hair that matches her eyes. In fact she attracts men like bees to a honeypot and whilst this can seem a bit of nuisance, she deals with them so effectively that my jealousy is quickly soothed. Well, as I said we had this flat in Italy, beautifully set within a farmhouse near a lake for bathing. There were two other flats, one on the first floor like ours and another downstairs. Both had been taken by couples who had arrived together.
Next door to us were Frank and Helen (both names changed). They were both tall – Frank a bespectacled and respectable-looking company engineer and Helen, the typical English rose. Both seemed pleasantly introverted with the diffidence one expects of the English (we're Scots). George and Mary (names changed) on the other hand were much more forceful. Mary was a petite but amply proportioned brunette with a great command of Italian. She was devoted to him and they could often be seen in the local markets holding hands. Imagine our surprise then when we discovered that Frank was Mary's husband and Helen was married to George. Apparently they were having a final fling before the two couples went their separate ways, as Frank and Mary were emigrating to Australia.
They suggested that one night we all went to a local wine festival and so we all got into our car. I was very conscious of Mary's knee that always seemed to be in the way as I changed gear. She was wearing a pretty pale blue dress and not a lot else as I discovered later.
That night the wine flowed and we danced in the village square. Not surprisingly then, by the time we came back to the car we were very merry. I had some difficulty concentrating on driving especially since Mary's dress was practically unbuttoned. When she noticed me looking at her, instead of doing the dress up, she deliberately unbuttoned the rest of it, leaving her breasts and thighs shining in the moonlight. All she was wearing beneath being a very brief pair of white panties. I looked in the mirror to see if anyone had noticed but all I saw was George's hand inside my wife's blouse reaching for her bra whilst his other hand was working its way up her thighs under her skirt. It was quite a shock at first but it didn't seem to matter especially since Helen was now massaging my crutch. Slowly she unzipped me, exposing me completely, and driving was now becoming something of a trial.
Back at the flats, Helen swiftly did up her dress and we followed them in.
A few more drinks followed and then we started playing cards. Suddenly Helen announced that she was hot and promptly took off her dress again. It seemed so natural. Mary then followed suit and Angela took off her blouse, hesitated, and then removed her bra as well. The card game

turn to page 114

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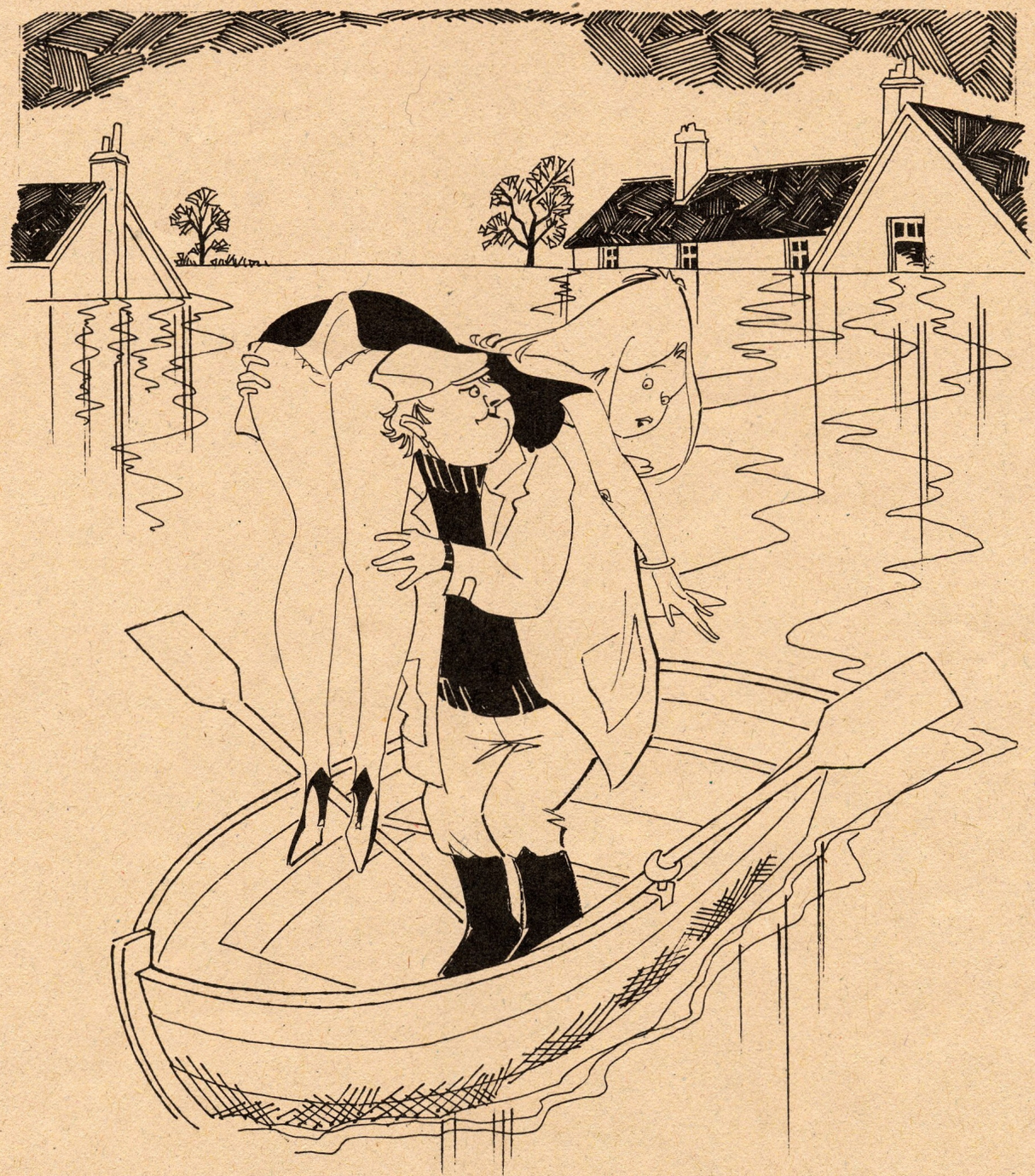
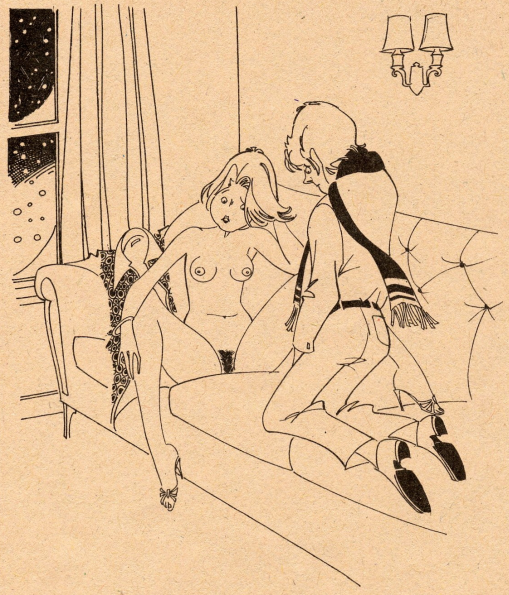


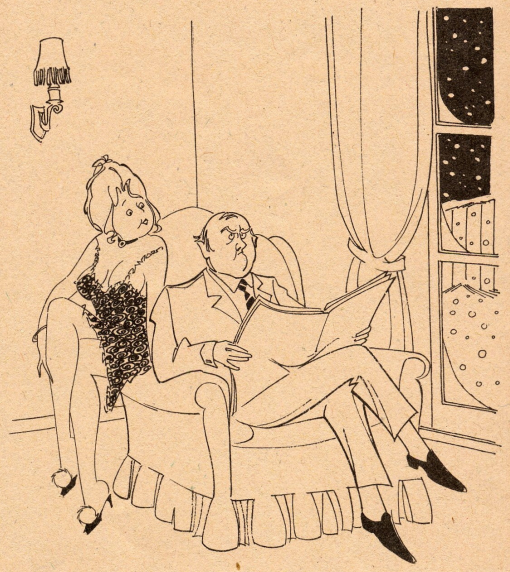
'Rescue? Who said anything about a rescue?'

STORM IN A D-CUP

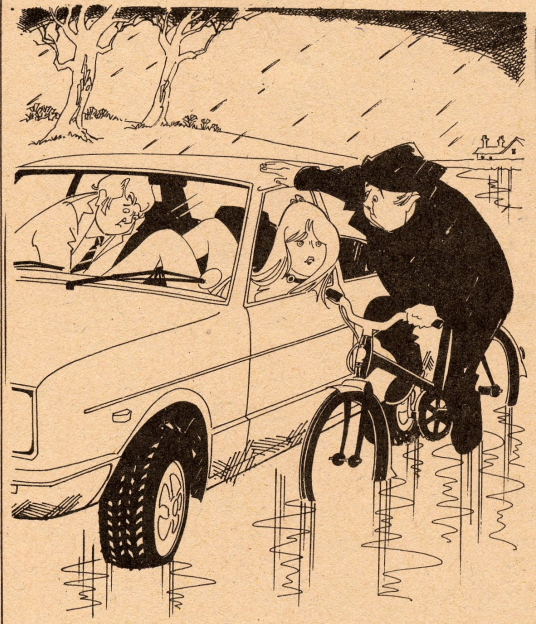
The weather in February may be inclement but, says cartoonist Paul White, relationships need not be stormy



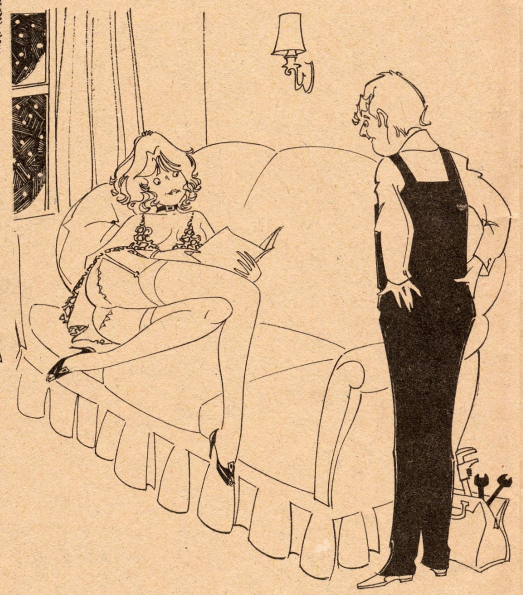
'The end of your nose isn't the only thing Jack Frost has been nipping.'



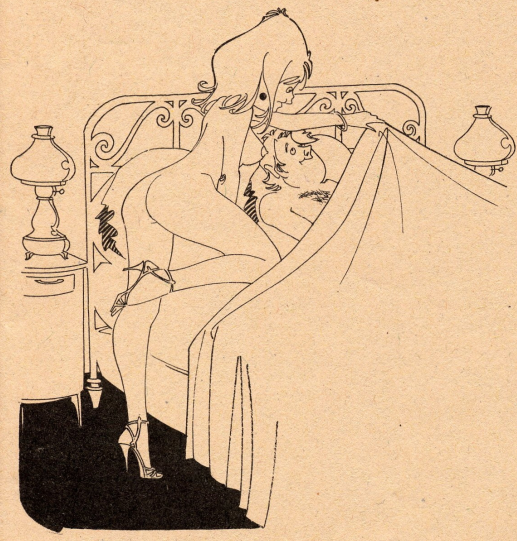
'I was thinking, Bernard, if that cold draught can give you a stiff neck. . .'



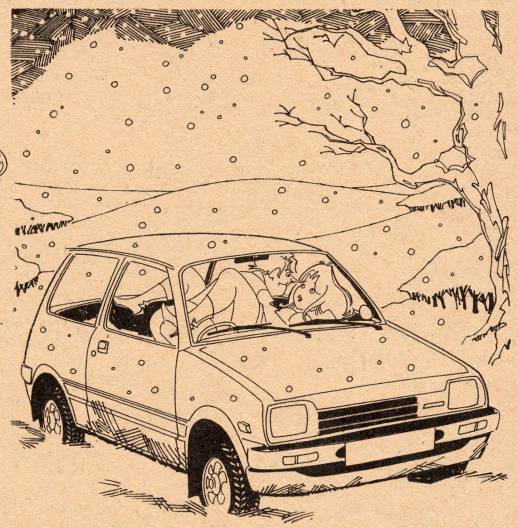
'Yes, I called for assistance – can you help him?'



'Seeing that I've attended to your *frozen pipe. . .'*



'The forecast was right – snow on high places.'



'Surely there must be other ways of keeping warm.'

'It's amazing how a disaster seems to unite people.'

TRAVEL

Ian Marlowe

The Algarve stretches 150 miles from the Spanish border at Vile Real across to Cape St Vincent on Europe's south-westerly tip. It is Portugal's orchard; a province of green fields and rich red earth, with mile upon mile of sandy beaches impregnated with yellow limestone rocks, washed by the gentle Atlantic swell. The Algarve is an English colony for retired service personnel and the professional middle classes who have bought their own homes there which they let out from May to September to experienced tour operators. Perfect examples are the rather exclusive Holiday Villas owned by Patrick Wrigley.

Albufeira is the chief town. Once a quiet little fishing village, it still retains that essential *joie de vacation*, although the ever increasing numbers of holidaymakers in the prime summer months overweigh its pretty square and *praia*, or beach. Lately, I have followed Horace Greeley's advice and set my sights on the west, to Luz Bay (pronounced Loosh). This is Barry Sadler's kingdom. He runs a very successful villa sale and renting operation in a rambling complex which includes swimming pools, tennis courts, manicured lawns, sub-tropical trees and plants, and a curling panorama of a deep beach where well-oiled bodies disport themselves, wearing the bare minimum.

Any month is a good month to go down to the Algarve. Even in January and February, as the mimosa blossoms, before the mass tourist onslaught, you can sit in Albufeira's picturesque paved square, doing the *Telegraph* crossword as a red-jacketed shoeblack burnishes away. Then eye *Sir Harry's* bar, and think about joining owner Harry Warner and ex BBC personality, Peter Haigh, in a furtive tincture or two before lunch. Perhaps it will be chargrilled steaks or fish at *Antonio's*, high on the hill to the west of the town, as a prelude to an afternoon's golf at Vila-moura, where Englishman, David Green, is in charge. Then it could be back to *The Bull* English pub and restaurant owned by another former BBC man, producer Mike Johnson, who is also a dab hand at the piano.

There are 126 escudos to the pound at the time of going to press. Exchange them in banks. Pubs and restaurants give you a lower rate for the service. And remember, don't drink the tap water. It is liable to upset your stomach. Instead you can buy plastic litres of *Boa Vista*, and don't forget to shop at the little *supermercados* where the locals go, and not at those provided for tourists in the main towns. Oh, and remember to take your driving licence because a car is necessary to get the most from your Algarvean holiday. The *Estrada Nacional 125* is the main artery which runs the whole length of the Algarve, with smaller roads set at right-angles to it leading down to the holiday spots. You can, of course, have your car ready waiting at Faro airport but if you're a first-timer it would be a better idea to settle down where you're staying and let the people there arrange car hire the following day, letting you unpack and get your bearings. It can be financially beneficial too. Nowadays I make Luz Bay my Algarve holiday home. It's as comfortable as an old hacking jacket, and, in parts, has the rustic aura of a Sussex village. Barry Sadler runs a tight ship, well organised, without being 'Butlinised'. You pay for what you get, which can range from a studio flat to a two or three-bedroomed villa. There is even a luxury one in its own grounds with its private pool.

Luz Bay is a very civilised place. The newsagents on the sea wall will even reserve your daily paper. Behind it is *O Poco*, a far from expensive restaurant run by a pleasant English girl. There is also *Il Forteleza* (the Old Fort), *Godot's*, run by the Moseleys, a very charming couple, and *d'Arcy's*, which is more expensive, but here diners can look out on to an arcade of rich bougainvillea and other flowers. Westwards from Luz is Burgau, and its beach bar owned by two English couples, which is the best value for money in the area. But beware; visitors may have to queue in the summer to ensure a table.

Choosing a tipple in the Algarve is a simple and pleasant job. Don't drink the cheap Portuguese wine. The white is too fresh and acidic and the red smells like ink. Pay upwards of 350 escudos a bottle and you're in business. *Dao* (pronounced Dow) is a good red, and that deliciously green-tinted wine from Portugal's western Atlantic seaboard, *Vinho Verde*, is excellent, especially with cold meats and fish. You will pay as much for a bottle of vintage or late bottled port in Portugal as you will back in England, where most of it is shipped, but down in the Algarve I would suggest you sample the Old Tawny, which many believe to be just as good.

The Algarve has a winning way. I have been down there every year since 1970, sometimes as much as three or four times the same year, and if I do have a complaint it is that the time passes all too quickly.

For more information contact: Sandy Alford, Holiday Villas, *850 Brighton Road, Purley, Surrey* (01-660 5666); Barry Sadler, The Luz Bay Club, *Luz, Lagos 8600, Algarve, Portugal*; Portuguese National Tourist Office, *1/5 New Bond Street, London, W1* (01-493 3873).

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

It is now more than 20 years since the Beatles first broke into the pop charts with *Love Me Do*. Dozens of other hits followed and though their last record was made almost 14 years ago their songs still sound as fresh today as when they were first released. The latest compilation album of Beatles songs, **20 Greatest Hits** (EMI) is a memorable cross-section of their most popular tunes, ranging from *Love Me Do* (the only non-number one in the album) through the hippy days of *All You Need Is Love* to the latter end of their career with *The Ballad of John and Yoko*. Even if you already have these singles, this is a fine opportunity to gather them all together on one disc, and take a dance down memory lane.

Glenn Tilbrook and Chris Difford, the songwriting partnership who penned numerous hits for Squeeze, were hailed by some critics as the new Lennon and McCartney. That's a hard compliment to live up to, but nevertheless, songs such as *Goodbye Girl, Cool for Cats* and *Black Coffee in Bed* are modern classics. Sadly Squeeze have now split up, but the compilation album, **Singles – 45's and Under** (A&M) contains 12 of their greatest songs. Each one has a catchy tune allied to a simple but touching story line, like my favourite, *Up the Junction*, which in less than four minutes traces a relationship from courtship to breaking up with such lines as: *I never thought it would happen*
With me and the girl from Clapham
Out on a windy common
That night I ain't forgotten

Captain Beefheart has been trailblazing his own unique musical path for more than 16 years and through 12 albums. Now Virgin have released his 13th, **Ice Cream for Crow** which has been composed, produced and arranged by the Captain himself. Beefheart plays harmonica, saxophone and sings in his unique voice which has a range of five octaves and can soar in one line from a low growl to a shriek. He is joined by five other musicians who help him work through 12 tracks full of choppy disjointed rhythms and hauntingly bizarre lyrics, which spill out in a confusing flood, full of unusual ideas and images, like the line from *Cardboard Cutout Sundown: A fire engine red whistle blows raspberries in a cloud of whipped steam.*

Alexei Sayle has a turn of phrase which would make even the most foul-mouthed docker blush. But combined with his biting wit and satire of everything that is trendy from personal cassette players to real ale, it makes for loud belly laughs, even if there is a sneaking feeling that he is getting at us. His new album **Cak** (Springtime Records) had me crying with laughter at his pastiche of Bruce Springsteen where instead of living in New York and driving Chevvies, the heroes live in Putney and cruise around in a Triumph Dolomite. Alexei is at his funniest when steering clear of jibes at the government and comments about unemployment, and my personal favourite is *Say Hello Mr Sweary* in which he works his way through more four-letter words in a few minutes than most people do in a lifetime. Alexei follows in the line of the great American comic Lenny Bruce, but he is less of a social commentator and more of a stand-up comedian.

Grace Jones is a very striking figure with an almost intimidating power and earthy sex appeal which make her one of the most distinctive acts on the disco scene. Her voice is strong and slinky at the same time and her latest album **Living My Life** (Island) is a mixture of the sensual and the strident. Her recent hit *The Apple Stretching* is included with its catchy tune and danceable beat, along with six other disco-reggae songs. This is excellent for parties, or great to sit back and listen to the talented musicians like Sly Dunbar on drums.

Nine up and coming new artists can be heard on a new Phonogram compilation album – **Touchdown**, any one of whom could become the next big name given the right single. The styles range from the mixture of jazz and dance music played by Animal Magic through the improvisations of Vital Excursions to the jazzfunk of Pinski Zoo. These bands all have refreshing ideas and styles.

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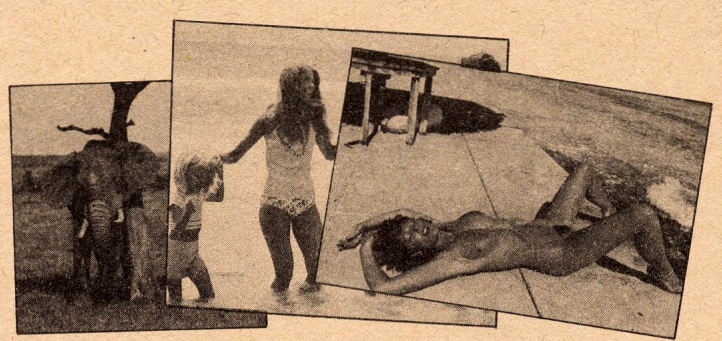

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FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring
♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

****♡ **ET** (U), 2 hrs. In the darkness of a Californian wood an eery glow disturbs the night. Muffled grunts and squawks catch on the air. Red will-o'-the-wisp lights flicker through he undergrowth. And thin, grotesquely elongated fingers pluck at the foliage, examining it. Suddenly car headlamps glare through the trees.

Men with torches come running. The will-o'-the-wisps retreat in haste – all but one, cut off, hiding beneath a bush as a gigantic spaceship rises.

So begins the most successful film ever made, Steven Spielberg's tale of a benign, three foot high extra terrestrial marooned on earth and befriended by a lonely ten-year-old (Henry Thomas) who hides him in his toy cupboard. ET, as the household's children name him is actually a highly convincing robot capable of 150 distinct movements. He levitates, cures injuries with a touch, transmits his emotions telepathically to his young rescuer and learns enough English to burble 'ET phone home' as he fashions a makeshift rescue transmitter.

It's *Peter Pan* re-written for the space age and just as mawkish in parts – but so brilliantly done I defy you to remain unmoved.

***♡♡ **An Officer And A Gentleman** (AA), 2 hrs. 4 mins. Piling into the back of a beaten-up saloon, US Navy officer trainee Worley (David Keith) gapes in delighted surprise as his blue-eyed, blonde pick-up (Lisa Blount) of a few moment's standing hoists her party skirt and drops her pants. 'It's alright,' she says, reaching for him, 'I'll still respect you in the morning.' Meanwhile Worley's best buddy – and the tale's hero (Richard Gere) – is tumbling the blonde's dark-haired companion on the nearby beach. A feat for which he is well equipped, as he was raised over a Philippine brothel by a drunken Navy father whose idea of a family reunion is sharing his bed, and the two oriental prostitutes who habitually occupy it, with his son.

Sex pervades this tale of a streetwise no-gooder who tries to enrol in a US Navy officer trainee course, but it's a highly romantic variety. The young ladies of such apparently easy virtue are in fact dedicated husband-hunters, since marriage to a budding Navy pilot is the only ticket they have out of their bleak Navy town. An old-fashioned story of bad guy turning into general good egg, but so splendidly done the ending will have you cheering.

♡♡ **Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid (A), 1 hr 31 mins. When Philip Marlowe-style private eye Rigby Reardon (Steve Martin) answers his office door to a beautiful brunette (Rachel Ward) she faints in his arms. Flummoxed, he staggers back, recovers, glances up and down the corridor then kisses her passionately before swiftly fondling her breasts. 'Just, er, rearranging them', he coughs as she regains consciousness. Forties' detective movies, you might think, have been spoofed to death, but the twist in this one is to splice the spoof hero into scenes from films of the period. As a result Mr Martin conducts bizarre conversations with Humphrey Bogart, Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, Ava Gardner, Lana Turner and so on. The idea is fun but tends to be more clever than hilarious.

***♡ **My Favourite Year** (PG), 1 hr 32 mins. Nostalgia again, in this tale of young Benjy Stone (Mark Linn-Baker), a scriptwriter on a TV comedy show in 1954 New York – who has the unwelcome task of chaperoning the show's matinee idol guest star Alan Swann (Peter O'Toole) for a week. Swan has the ability to charm birds out of the trees and into his bed. But he is also, it transpires, a totally irresponsible drunk, who relishes the freedom his fame gives him to create total chaos and get clean away with it. When he's not galloping through Central Park on a stolen police horse, he's dropping into a penthouse party on the end of a firehose from the floor above. Clearly based on comedian Sid Caesar's *Show of Shows* from the same period it has pace and splendid performances that disguise a not too remarkable plot. Fine entertainment from Mel Brooks' own film company.

Ellen

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

For the last ten years, Ellen James has found that men have had a tendency not to look her in the eye. Their attention has always been caught by certain attributes lower down. And not surprisingly, for 24-year-old Ellen's 37-25-35 figure does stand out and has done since her teens. 'I was what they call an early developer,' claimed the curvaceous young lady from St Albans in Hertfordshire, 'it was awful.' Finding it hard to imagine her memorable figure crammed into school uniform anything other than sensational, we asked why. 'All the other girls made fun of them,' she sighed, 'and they bounced about too much in games. They were always falling out the side of my singlet. But I am able to control them much better now.' It was hard to hide our regret.

But Ellen is far more than a beautiful body, she is also a talented lady. Currently she is breaking into the cabaret circuit with an act that has already had the pubs and clubs of north London rocking with mirth and music, and hopes the big time calls.

'Generally, I sing a few standards, tell a couple of jokes, then go into my impressions,' she told us and suddenly burst into a rendition of *I Who Have Nothing* in the unmistakeable tones of Shirley Bassey before collapsing into laughter. 'I'm sorry,' she giggled, 'for a moment I thought I was auditioning.' Ellen's other impersonations include a frantic Barbra Streisand, a mini-skirted Lulu and a rather risqué Bette Midler. 'Some of my jokes are a bit naughty,' said Ellen, 'I get a lot from magazines like yours.' But her sauciest appearance was at a pub near Watford that was more used to strippers than aspiring artists. 'All through my act, men kept shouting "Show us your tits, love!" But I thought I'd get my own back. When a guy at the front yelled it, I just undid the top of my dress and waggled them in his face. He went absolutely beetroot.' We are green with envy.

Getting the brush off

Hunting horn at the ready, cartoonist Brian Forbes joins in the chase, but learns that it's often the ladies of the hunt who are more cunning than the fox

'Other hunts cut off the fox's tail, Miss Wellesley, but here we have a different initiation ceremony.'

'It's called "an assisted mount", Miss Wilson . . .'

'Dammit, Charles, I tell you she's either a guest or a new member.'

'Let me guess, Miss, it's your first time riding side-saddle . . .'

'Unlike your old grey mare, I never refuse a jump, Master.'

'My name's Angela Fox, and which one of you is going to cut off my bush at the end of the hunt?'

'On the other hand, Daphne, you did delay the hunt for three hours.'

'Look at it this way, Miss Chisholm, the hunt's miles away by now.'

Aslan's Angels

Perfect pear.
So luscious fruit, firm and juicy,
Just waiting to be plucked.
How I long to taste your sweetness
And feel you moist upon my tongue.
Edgar Jameson (1899–1965)

Denise

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
MICHAEL ANCHER

It's not easy keeping pace with 18-year-old Denise Thomas. For not only is she trying to slot in an increasing number of modelling engagements into her busy life as a computer operator for her local gas board, but she's also an accomplished athlete. There are very few sports that this 34–22–33 beauty has not tried her hand at, and in many of them she is quite an expert. Challenge her to tennis or squash and you'll find yourself exhausted. Race her over 100 yards and all you'll see is her pert bottom disappearing into the distance. She is superbly fit and always on the lookout for a new sport to try. Last month she took up swimming and she's already adept at both the butterfly and crawl, and her breast stroke is amazing!

So just why is Denise so athletic? 'I have to run away from men a lot,' she laughed. 'But seriously it's my work.' Denise feels so cramped behind the visual display unit of her computer terminal that she says she just has to run, swim or play a game to feel human again. But she did have one embarrassing moment when she joined her current sports club. 'I rang up to apply and happened to mention I worked on a visual display unit but when I arrived I got some very odd looks. It turned out that they had abbreviated it to VD unit on the form. No wonder all the guys were laughing . . .' Now Denise is trying to find a sportsman of her very own, but he'll have to be a fellow athlete. 'There's nothing quite like curling up with somebody after a six mile run,' she said. We will have to take her word for that.

Teresa's breasts pushed out her flimsy shirt. Claudio, like everyone else, lusted for the cheesemonger's wife. But he alone had a plan . . .

Root of all Evil

Fiction by Simon Rogers

Signor Ardito was small and dusty, with a face like Jimmy Durante's turned inside out. Whenever you saw him walking about Marcella, he always wore the same baggy blue trousers and collarless shirt, and hopped and swaggered along beside his wife like an organ-grinder's monkey.

But his wife! As she swung about the town, you could almost hear the waves she sent through every man who saw her. Her red skirt flowed, a mere optical illusion, showing her legs, her hips – and then hiding everything but the wiggle as she turned the corner and vanished. Her tight white cotton shirt was the only other garment she wore, and her perfect breasts pressed against it, showing their outline at every movement she made, the nipples always hard, and showing like chick-peas through the material. And that wiggle again.

* * *

Nobody knew how Signor Ardito the cheesemonger came to marry Teresa. What had he got? Apart from his physical charms he owned one of Marcella's few cars; a seventeen-year-old Fiat 126 that had once been blue – or possibly brown. Or green. It wasn't enough to explain the marriage away, though. Except, perhaps that it was rumoured that Signor Ardito had saved a great deal of money.

Teresa was a virgin, and so heart-stoppingly beautiful that Monsignor Trentino blenched when he was asked to marry them. So heart-stoppingly beautiful, that no man in Marcella ever dared touch her as she went past, or call anything out, or even whisper to his friends. You just didn't. That was the effect she had on the town.

But it drove one person nearly crazy just thinking about it, and that was Claudio, the fishmonger. They had grown up together, played together, and though, of course, there was nothing between them, still, Claudio never gave up hope. Not that he ever intended to make a pass, but still. . . . He was the first person she told the news to, and when he heard that she was going to marry Signor Ardito the cheesemonger, he groaned very loudly, and rushed off to his fish, and began gutting them with a vigour that quite surprised people. From then on, he wouldn't

have anything to do with Teresa or Signor Ardito; I think he was afraid that he would be unable to control himself, and might assault one of them with a squid if he caught them alone after dark. When the day of the wedding came, although he had been invited, he let it be known that he had to go to Genoa to look at some fishnets. Then he locked himself in his room all day and sulked. On her way to the church, Teresa saw him at his window, and if it weren't a well-known fact that brides don't grin, you really would have thought that that's what she did. A few months passed. One day, just as Claudio was scrubbing the fishscales off his counter, Signor Ardito came along.

'Ciao, Claudio.'

'Ciao, Giovanni.'

'Haven't seen you in a long while. Teresa was asking me about you today.'

'Teresa was?'

'Sure. You know, I think she has a soft spot for you.'

It was lucky for Signor Ardito that Claudio didn't have that squid handy. He went on.

'So we thought, ask him to dinner, since it's been so long.'

'Dinner?'

'Well, that's it, then. Tonight, we thought. Just come round when it suits you. Ciao!'

And off he went. As you may have noticed, although Signor Ardito's conversation didn't sparkle, it positively flashed like an emerald beside Claudio's. Claudio just stood there, looking like a herring that has just received a surprise. Then, very slowly, he began to pick fishscales off his forearms.

He was outside the Arditos' door at seven o'clock. He was back there at seven-fifteen, and then again at seven-thirty. Finally he knocked, lifted the latch and went in. Signor Ardito was sitting by the fire, with Teresa on his lap, and his right hand was busy at something under Teresa's skirt, though Claudio couldn't see what, and was rather glad about it. As he came into the room, Teresa jumped down, ran over to him, and took his coat.

'So you made it at least. Ciao!' she breathed, and held up her face to be kissed. Claudio, taken aback, looked across the room to Signor Ardito, Signor Ardito waved a friendly hand.

'Go on! Aren't you pleased to see her?'

'Well, naturally. Ciao.' And he kissed her. Now, although he only intended to kiss her fleetingly, as it were, he was shaken to find that she looked him straight in the eye, and held the kiss for just a fraction of a second longer than one's friend's wife usually does. Then she ran into the kitchen with his coat, and a second later there was a sound of pots being moved about, and a smell of roast lamb wafted through the room. Claudio sat down by the fire, but just as he was about to say something Teresa called her husband into the kitchen to help with the plates. He was back again in a minute, and Claudio was just about to say something about the weather, when Teresa called 'Giovanni!', and Giovanni went. When she called him the third time, Signor Ardito made displeased rumblings, and so Claudio went to help instead.

'Shut the door, stupid, or you'll have the room full of steam,' said Teresa. Claudio shut it. Teresa put down the bowl of soup.

'We haven't seen each other for three months,' she said.

'I know.'

'Were you sorry when I told you I was getting married?'

'No. Yes. Well – yes.'

'I'm really frightfully faithful to Giovanni, you know. I never look at another man.'

If Claudio had been a wiser man, he would have made some kind of a move then. Teresa certainly left a pause. She moved closer.

'I told Giovanni to invite you, you know.'

'Oh.'

'Are you pleased?'

By this time Teresa was so close that Claudio put out his arms . . . and found Teresa in them. She kissed his nose. He leaned back over the kitchen table, and Teresa leaned over him. Something stirred below his belt, and Teresa gave a wriggle, and a gasp, and a little hiccup.

'I'm frightfully faith- ooh! That was . . . mmm . . . I'm *frightfully* faithful to Giovanni. I can't *imagine* what it would take to make me unfaithful to him.'

She whisked off into the big room with the soup. Claudio followed with the meat.

Dinner was rather tame after that. Signor Ardito told a very long story about some parmesan cheese that he had once bought in Pisa, and an even longer one about a sackful of mozzarella he once won in a bet. After a rundown on the prosperous state of the cheese industry and far too much wine, he pulled a wad of banknotes out of his pocket.

'Look at that. Folk don't know about this. Three million lire. Not bad, eh? You don't see that sort of money in the fish business, I bet?'

Claudio had to admit that he didn't. He looked at the thick wad of banknotes with envy. Some of them were so old and torn they nearly fell apart – Signor Ardito must have saved them over many years.

'Do you think, carissimo,' said Teresa to Signor Ardito. 'That you could spare – '

'Certainly not. I don't know where the money goes in this house,' said the cheesemonger firmly, putting the money back in its canvas bag, and tucking it in his pocket. He turned to Claudio, who was acutely conscious of a warm bare foot caressing his leg under the table: 'Really, we've been married three months, and Teresa hasn't the first idea of how to manage on what I allow her.'

'Yes, sir, I can vouch for the soup being hot.'

'I don't think anybody could do that,' said Teresa.

'At least, not if you want luxuries like bread and wine.'

'Well, we won't go into that now – are you all right?' he said to Claudio, who had just felt a firm hand slide down across the front of his trousers, and begin a gentle, circular rubbing motion.

'Yes, thank you – just a little wine going down the wrong way,' coughed Claudio.

'I don't like to be inhospitable, but I must be off to bed now,' said Giovanni. 'I've got to be up early for the market in Genoa. Goodnight, Claudio. Nice to see you again – Teresa will show you out.' And up he went to bed. Teresa and Claudio looked at each other.

'Will you go to bed with me?' asked Claudio.

'Claudio! What an idea! Not a bad idea, but still, what an idea! You know how faithful I am to Giovanni.'

'I won't tell anyone.'

'It isn't that.'

'What is it, then?'

'Ah, you'll have to work it out for yourself,' she said, walking over to Claudio, and kissing him on the lips. Claudio slid his arms down her back, rubbing her delectable bottom, and then moved them round to her hips. When he began to caress her belly, she sighed, and her eyelids began to flutter. Then she laughed, and drew back.

'Well, goodnight,' she said. 'Mind how you go and when you've worked it out, you know where to find me.'

* * *

Nobody could call Claudio brilliant. Over the next few days, though, he thought very hard indeed, and finally, as he sat in church that Sunday morning, the idea came. It came in the middle of the sermon.

'The love of money,' said the priest, 'is the root of all evil. When we consider . . .'

But Claudio didn't hear any more. When the service was over, he went round to Signor Ardito's house, but Teresa wasn't there. He spoke with Signor Ardito for a while, and then left. Later that day, while the town dozed in the afternoon sun, Teresa came round. She was wearing a red skirt, and a blouse so thin that she might as well not have bothered. Claudio put out his hand, and softly caressed her breast. He pulled her closer to him, and began to stroke her nipple with his thumb. Teresa shook all over, and gripped Claudio's leg between hers. Her lips parted, and suddenly she sighed and fell against Claudio's chest.

'Oh, that was nice,' she said. 'Now,' she continued, drawing away and sitting down, 'Giovanni told me that you were around earlier. Did you want to see me?'

'I've been thinking. Would you – '

'Yes? You've begun very well, darling. I do hope you've got the right question.'

'Would you, er – '

'Would I sleep with you if? If what?'

'Well, I know that Giovanni is a little – careful. And I thought . . . I thought if you needed something like half a million lire – '

'Of course I would! Oh Claudio, you *are*

turn to page 74

Linda

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

Without a shadow of a doubt Linda Gray has the kind of figure that men notice. Her sumptuous 37–24–34 curves have been admired wherever she goes. It is not surprising then that when the fun-loving 21-year-old left college she had no trouble getting a job and is now thinking of setting up her own business. What may seem unconventional is Linda's chosen career. She delivers kissing telegrams. For a small fee, Linda will turn up at somebody's house or local in one of a wide variety of highly revealing costumes to help celebrate your birthday with a series of smackers. Sadly Linda's bosses won't let us tell you just where she performs this arousing service – it would be unfair on their competitors, but Linda says when she sets up her own business, she'll let us know.

'I've always been a bit of a show-off,' Linda told us, 'so this job suits me perfectly.' She was brought up in one of the grey mining villages in North Yorkshire but found the area too restricting for her outgoing personality. Not surprisingly, for some of her stunts for her new firm have been pretty outrageous. As well as the 'kissograms' that she often delivers in just a sequinned bikini, she has also sung rather raunchy birthday messages. 'My ambition is to set up a 'Strip-a-gram' service or even a 'Touch-up-a-gram', she said. 'Very naughty but fun.'

Root of all evil

continued from page 50

clever! I thought you'd never guess. Have you got it now?'

'No, but I can get it.'

'Well, bring it with you tomorrow. That's when Giovanni goes up into the hills to see his farmers about the cheese. Come at noon. Just walk straight in.'

* * *

'How much did you bring?'

'Five hundred and twenty thousand lire. It's all the bank would let me have.'

'You are clever, Claudio. Leave the money on the table and come here . . .'

Claudio put the neat square pile of brand new notes down beside the candlestick, and stood beside the bed. Teresa lay there, her cheeks flushed, her brown hair lying in waves about the pillow. He stretched out a hand, and stroked her cheek. She brought up her hands to take him by the arm, and in doing so threw back the bedclothes. She was naked, and lying there for Claudio. Her body looked soft, and more perfect than any picture or words could ever tell.

'Come on, silly. Take your clothes off,' she said. Claudio fumbled his clothes off as quickly as he could, and sat down on the edge of the bed. She wrapped an arm around his neck, and bent his head down to kiss. Softly she kissed his mouth, nibbling his lower lip. Trailing her tongue down along his throat, she gently tickled his back, and then, as Claudio's organ rose, she lowered her mouth about it, breathing rhythmically on it. Then, with infinite care, she began to flick the top lightly with her tongue. Her lips closed, and she sucked, with short quivering contractions of her mouth.

Claudio half-turned his body, and slid a hand between Teresa's thighs. As he moved it carefully upwards, she fell backwards across the bed, and her legs parted slightly. Putting his other hand against her thighs as well, Claudio gently stroked upwards, and upwards, circling against the cool, smooth, firm skin with his thumbs, Teresa moaned.

'Are you sure it's half a million?'

'Quite sure, carissima.' And his hands slid further up, only the tiniest fraction more, but they touched at last the sweet, tight, light curls of Teresa's mound, and her body went quite weak. Claudio paused, then slowly began to lick, holding apart the lips as he did so. Teresa settled down in the bed, and almost sobbed, as he worked, delicately but perfectly, on her clitoris. Her breathing became heavy, and there was a catch in her throat. Claudio pulled back, and then with a sigh he raised himself. Teresa reached down, and took his organ. As he sank down and upwards, she guided it into herself. A pause.

'Push. Oh Claudio, push – it's for you!'

He did, and it was. Warm and clasping, and soft as he had always dreamed, and her arms came round him, and he was pushing again and again with her bucking beneath him, until there it went, all dying away, and away, and away.

Claudio wore a triumphant smile as he left Teresa, closing the door carefully behind him . . .

Teresa was still lying in bed, a smile between her legs, when Signor Ardito returned from his trip. He came into the room, and seemed to sniff.

'Has Claudio been here?' he said.

Teresa, struck with horror, realised that the room retained a fishy smell – a fishy smell in a room that by rights should have smelled of cheese. There was no denying it.

'Yes, carissimo,' she said, in a small voice. Signor Ardito went across to the table. He saw the banknotes.

'Did he give you money?' Silence.

'Did he? Five hundred and twenty thousand lire?

'Yes.'

Teresa produced the money reluctantly from the table drawer.

Signor Ardito smiled.

'He is a good man, that Claudio. As good as his word. Do you know he came to me on Sunday night to say he had just heard from his friend Francesco, whose brother works in the bank. All the old and torn banknotes are to be declared valueless by the Government. My heart was full of fear. Then Claudio had a bright idea. He would as a special favour to me get his friend Francesco to persuade his brother to change my old notes for new ones. I went through my savings. No less than five hundred and twenty thousand lire were old and needed changing. Claudio said he would bring the new notes round, ready for my return. And here they are'.

Signor Ardito flicked the bundle of new notes gleefully.

'And to think, carissima, that he has done all this for love . . .'

Keep your Collection complete

Our first edition of *Best of Mayfair* was a phenomenal success, exceeding even our own estimates. We are proud to announce that *Best of Mayfair No 2* is now available. It's 196 pages, packed with our most memorable girls – including Barry Sheene's girlfriend Stephanie – fascinating features, cartoons and fiction. Don't miss out on this superb and unique collector's edition – send off the coupon today. The price, including p&p is only £2.00. *Best of Mayfair No 1* has completely sold out, so don't leave it too late before sending for your second collector's edition.

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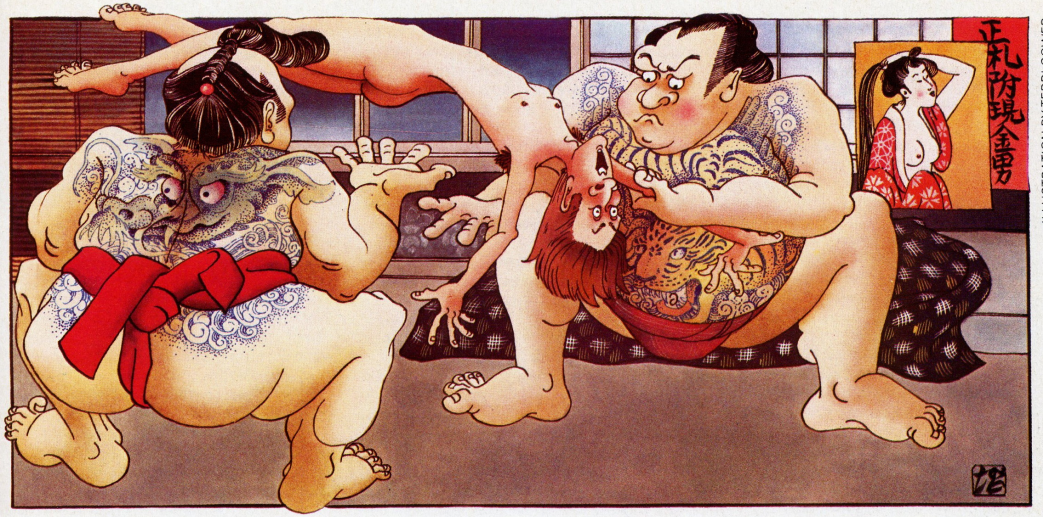


ILLUSTRATION BY TERRI GOWER

Philandering with a pretty geisha is fraught with hidden dangers. Even finding the room a young Japanese girl is staying in can be a humiliating and unforgettable experience

KIMONO OVER TO MY PLACE

Humour by Harry Carey

Get a bit on the side. That's what it says on London buses. Good advice, eh? That's the way I thought – once. I've had a bit on the side, and more than one bit, and on more than one side – but not any more! It's pipe and slippers for me now: 'I'm home, dear. Did you have a nice day then? What's on television tonight?' These days I'm into the old domestic bliss routine. I keep my tools in the garage for the 'do-it-yourself' jobs, and the wife's into brass rubbing. In the evening I take the dog for a walk while she makes the Ovaltine, and if it's the weekend, I'm in for a bit of nookie.

Don't scoff. It's safe in the marriage bed. I know where I stand; the mortgage is taken care of, the Unit Trusts are in the safe, the life insurance is paid up and I've joined BUPA. Sometimes visions from the old days flit through my mind and I shudder and snuggle into the warm buttocks of my spouse. Very comforting that, especially in the small hours when the mind goes rummaging through the past. *A la recherche du bits perdu.*

A philanderer is what I was. My dictionary defines that as a man who 'dangles after a woman'. You'd think lexicographers would be more careful with their verbs. Never mind. I won't go into all that, but I could tell you a thing or two.

My job helped. I worked in advertising and promotion, mostly with foreign clients. You may have seen my poster for Esmerelda Ferries – 'We'll take you and your hatchback to Notre Dame'. Or the one for the travel agency promoting holidays to Thailand, Gang Bangkok – 'The holiday of a lifetime? Phuket!' No, I hadn't lost my marbles. Phuket is an island, 47 miles long, 15 miles wide, off the west coast of Thailand. Go on. Look up your atlas. That's what I told the Advertising Standards Authority.

Anyway, one of the accounts I had was the Japanese exhibition at Olympia – you know the sort of thing, a front of geisha girls, sumo wrestlers, tea-houses, Kabuki theatre, Bunraku puppets and Noh plays and, behind, the serious wheeling and dealing in exports and imports. And what did I find the most interesting section? Right first time. The geisha. The tea-house where they worked became my haunt for the three weeks of the exhibition. I ate more sukiyaki and shabu-shabu and drank more warm sake than Hirohito. I became as dexterous with the hashi (Japanese for chopsticks) as with a knife and fork, and was even beginning to enjoy the occasional chrysanthemum leaf. But the girls were the thing; graceful, always smiling, almond-eyed, black lacquered hair piled high, voices as musical as temple bells in the wind. One in particular took my fancy – Matsuchiyo. Her combination of porcelain delicacy and warmth was irresistible. Her skin was ivory, apart from that pink flush on the cheekbones that characterises Japanese women. It gave an excitement to her face, and to my heated imagination it hinted at a fire burning beneath her composure. I longed to undo her obi, the long waistband binding her, loosen her kimono and fondle her slight breasts – like champagne glasses, I saw them, with nipples like little red top hats.

How could I manage it? Oddly enough, it was my name that got me started. Carey. Harry Carey. When I told it to Matsuchiyo she looked surprised, then laughed. Her apologies were profuse, but I was delighted, for the ice was broken. From then on I was Harry-san and our talking grew intimate. I coaxed her to come out with me, but she couldn't, so strictly were the geisha kept by their mamma-san, though what favours they might grant to higher executives I didn't dwell on. She was forbidden even to tell me her room number or what floor she was

on. In conversation she let slip that her room was opposite the lift; little good that was. At the hotel the Japanese ran their own tight security and a special lift served their quarters.

In the end I gave up hope of anything beyond being with her, but even that I found enchanting. It wasn't only what she said, but the way she said it. Like many Japanese she had trouble with 'l' sounds, which could produce startling results. One of her first gambits had been, 'What you think of Mrs Thatcher's chances in next general erection?' A hard one to answer.

On the last morning I went as usual for the tea ceremony and afterwards Matsuchiyo sang, in a high clear voice, a sad lyric of parted lovers, supposedly written by Okichi, the concubine of Townsend Harris, the first US Consul who came to Japan in 1856.

It was time to say goodbye. I took her hand, and as I did so something rustled into mine. Later in private, I opened the tiny envelope. Some little keepsake I thought, but I was wrong. It was a square of scented rice-paper on which was written 'Floor 5,' and an ideogram, which I assumed was the room number. My heart leaped, my spirits soared. I was suffused with delight, and you can imagine how carefully I prepared for what I intended to make a night of such love as would add another chapter to Scheherezade.

There was no problem in reaching the fifth floor. It was only necessary to go further up the hotel by lift and then walk down. The lighting was subdued, there was no-one around. I noticed the usual room numbers had been replaced by Japanese signs. I went to the lift which I knew faced her room. I turned the handle, the door opened. I entered. 'Matsuchiyo,' I whispered. The bright moon seeped through the curtains and I could make out her mattress on the floor and the lacquered sheen of her hair. Why was she in bed? I imagined some play of love, wherein I was to surprise her as if in sleep. Hastily I slipped out of my clothes. For some reason it passed through my mind that Japanese men say 'I'm going' when they mean 'I'm coming'.

As I knelt to pull back the quilt, the head lifted from the pillow; a massive head with a top-knot of black hair sticking upright from it – a sumo wrestler. For a split second we both froze, then the huge figure leapt up scattering bedclothes. Quick as he was, I was quicker. With the speed of terror I flung myself at the door, wrenched it open, hurled myself through it and bounced back off the vast torso of another sumo. I pressed into the wall as these behemoths advanced on me, their eyes expressionless, their great mass naked but for their breech-clouts. My mind raced for some phrase in Japanese to stave them off, but all that came was, 'Sayonara'. I thought, it's 'sayonara' for me alright.

Great hands seized me. I don't think they were aware of my puny struggling. Each took an arm and a leg and thus I was carried from the room. There were more of them in the corridor. From my position their great, mountainous bodies loomed terrifyingly above me. Suddenly I was thrown into the air. Other hands held me before I could hit the floor, but only for an instant, as they sent me airborne again. I was tossed from hand to hand as the sumo progressed down the stairs and across the lobby to the hotel entrance like basketball players moving down the court with me as the ball. I'm grateful they didn't bounce me.

Then we were in the street. Where would they take me? The river? The Serpentine wasn't far away. Abruptly the passing stopped. I was held upright for a moment, then placed sitting against a wall. The world whirled round me, but I saw them line up before me. They bowed in my direction, then marched with solemn dignity back to the hotel. I closed my eyes to steady the motion and kept them closed for some time. When I opened them the first thing I saw was my poor member, which had looked forward to the occasion with such high hope, now laid low in the cold night air, no longer caring whether he was coming or going.

A party of revellers paused to look me over and their remarks were less than kind. I got to my feet, snatched an evening paper from one of them, and somewhat unsteadily made for my car. Ribald remarks followed me, but thankfully nothing else. The car was sanctuary. But when I got there, it hit me – no clothes, no keys, no way to get in. I almost wept with frustration and weariness. I had already been exposed as a fool, now I had to extend the knowledge of my folly. Gritting my teeth, I set out for an all night café in Soho from where I 'phoned a colleague to pick me up.

In his flat, with a brandy inside me, I tried to talk out what had happened.

'She was so lovely,' I said, 'so gentle. I knew she liked me. She would never have let me down.'

'Well, if the girl was genuine,' said my friend, 'you must have gone to the wrong place.'

'Not that either,' I insisted, 'I could remember it distinctly. She wrote it down – Floor 5.' Comprehension dawned on his face. 'What floor did you go to?'

'The fifth floor, of course.'

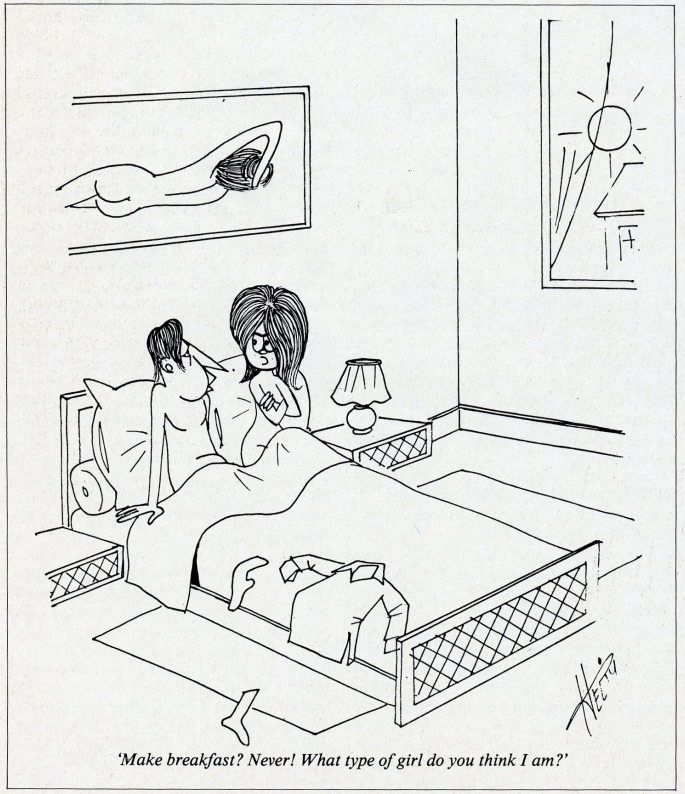
'You silly bugger. The Japanese don't count floors that way. Floor one is at ground level, so floor five is what we call the fourth floor. You went to the wrong floor!' And he burst into raucous laughter. I knew the story would be all over the office the next day, and would spread through the advertising circles of London.

I didn't care. Maybe it was all the Japanese food I had scoffed that put into my mind the thought of committing that action so close to my name. I didn't in fact go that far, but it was the end of my philandering. It never seemed worthwhile after that. I retired to domestic bliss.

'Come to bed, Harry,' calls the wife.

'I'll be right up dear,' I say, nibbling my stick of celery.

There, I'm bragging again, but then, I've always been a promising lad.



'Make breakfast? Never! What type of girl do you think I am?'

The Mayfair Film Society

Six of the most sensational girls ever . to appear in *Mayfair* star in our exclusive colour home movies

OUR SEXY SIX

Blonde, full-breasted Mandy Kuypers (left) is just one of the six sexy superbirds who appear in our exclusive, full-colour 8mm home movies, each one of them a sizzling masterpiece of erotic entertainment. Dressed in a thigh-revealing, knicker-flashing leather mini, Mandy's a randy secretary whose boss just can't keep his mind on his work or his hands off the tight white knickers that scarcely conceal or restrain Mandy's firm, rounded bottom. Everything is revealed as her office misadventures leave her beautifully bare. If you find uniforms a turn-on, you'll just love air-hostess Sophie, a long legged brunette whose crisp, starched uniform is discarded after an impromptu soaking leaves her white blouse moulded tantalisingly to the lush curves of her pert, long-nippled breasts. Then there's Victoria Jane, soft and cuddly in an outdoor romp that leaves her breathless, bare and beautiful. Remember Penny Mallett? She's better-known now as top model Nina Carter, one of the most popular pin-ups in the country. We've filmed her in a slinky, shiny, see-through PVC bikini that hides absolutely nothing from your eyes. Perhaps you also go for young, swinging dolly-birds. If so, you'll adore Caroline Dell, a svelte blonde with all the sex-appeal of a young Monroe. Finally, there's Sylvia Bayo, a sultry black temptress with huge, stubby-nippled breasts and a sizzling sensuality which will arouse all your darkest fantasies. Mandy, Sophie, Victoria Jane, Penny, Caroline and Sylvia; six of the very best, all lovingly photographed in pin-sharp, full colour 8mm films that you can enjoy again and again in your own home. The price? Just £10.30 per film and that includes postage and packing. Fill in the coupon below, remembering to specify which of the films you require, send it off, and soon you'll be enjoying the finest, freshest, and most arousing, home movies that star *Mayfair's* magical maids.

Please tick below the film you require and mail the coupon to **Mayfair Film Society, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2.** All films are £10.30 each.

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If you don't want to cut your magazine, just send us your order printed in capitals on a sheet of paper, remembering to specify the film which you require. All films are attractively packaged and despatched to you under plain cover. *Reg. London 875169*

M182

Helena

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

Up until recently 20-year-old Helena Scott spent most of her time cheering up men in bed. Because before the petite 33-22-33 lady moved to her new home in Lincoln, she worked as a voluntary nurse for a large hospital. 'It wasn't like real nursing – I've had no training – just making the patients comfortable,' she said. Helena spent much of her time working in the men's orthopaedic ward. 'They were a great bunch,' she laughed, 'and they could be randy so-and-sos as well.'

Helena's ward consisted of an unusual mixture of patients, all of them enjoying her own brand of treatment. 'There was a milkman with a broken arm, an accountant who had a fractured shin but the man I felt most sorry for was Barry, a newly-wed,' she laughed. 'He was on his honeymoon, he'd turned the light off and was about to leap into bed with his wife. Unfortunately it was a split-level room and he fell down the stairs, dislocating his knee. Boy, was he fed-up.' But Helena did her best to make him feel better. 'I arranged for his wife to visit every day and even managed to get them a room together. Trouble was I quite fancied him myself, but we nurses have to make sacrifices,' she joked. What a dedicated lady!

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A man went into a London theatrical agent and demanded an audition.
'Okay,' said the world-weary agent, 'what do you do?'
'It's a crocodile act,' said the hopeful young man.
'Seen it. Next!'
'Not this one you haven't,' insisted the young man.
'Alright, go on then,' replied the agent and slumped in his chair.
Hastily the man took the crocodile from his bag and put it on the desk. Opening its mouth he proceeded to take his member out and rest it on the creature's lower jaw. Then with a tremendous flourish he hit the crocodile hard on the back of the neck. Its jaws seemed to close but miraculously stopped only an eighth of an inch from disaster. The agent was amazed.
'That's fantastic,' he yelled. 'I can get a booking for you this very evening.'
Billed as the Great Wally and Crocodile, the young man went on stage and repeated his performance. This time when he hit the reptile, it was even more accurate, stopping just a sixteenth of an inch from his penis. The audience went wild. Boosted by his success the Great Wally asked them: 'Is there anybody else who would like a go?' There was silence. Suddenly a tiny voice piped up. 'I will,' it said.
The Great Wally looked out into the audience and was astounded to see an old lady approaching the stage.
'Mind you, young man,' she said, 'please don't hit me quite as hard as you hit the crocodile.'

Having had one too many, the drinker at the bar began to display an unpleasant side to his temperament. When a young girl, obviously alone, sat down on the stool next to his, he looked at her disapprovingly.
'Hey, darling,' he said leering down her cleavage. 'You look like you need the business but I haven't got the two quid on me.'
The girl barely flinched. Instead she fixed the loud mouth with a stare that would melt ice and smiled at him.
'My dear sir,' she proclaimed, 'whatever gave you the idea that I charge by the inch.'

There's a tremendous new night club
that brings
On a sexy young dancer who sings.
Then she plays with her boobs,
And rubs the mike through her pubes.
To the tune of *My Favourite Things*.

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

A Birmingham reader has written to tell us that charity still exists and wants to compliment his local pub landlord on his generosity. Every year during the winter, the publican nominates one of his older customers who's having trouble making ends meet, and goes out of his way to give him the right change.

'Alright, you bastards, get fell in on the double!' roared the sergeant as he strode into the barracks. Immediately each soldier grabbed his hat and leaped to attention. All except one of them who continued to lie on his bed reading a book.
'Well?' yelled the sergeant at the recumbent private.
'Hmm,' observed the young soldier, 'there are a lot of them about, aren't there?'

How do you define a 'lesbian'?
Somebody who tries to play a hymn without an organ.

During the feud between the Campbells and the MacDonalds in Scotland, it was frequently very difficult to tell the two clans apart. The only certain way was to look under their kilts. The MacDonalds had quarter-pounders and a big shake to take out.

An explorer woke up in the jungle one morning in some discomfort. Then as he looked down he realised why. The end of his most vital part had been bitten off. Immediately he rushed to the local witch doctor. After having had it covered with lotions to ease the pain, he turned to the tribesman.
'What I can't understand is what sort of animal would do something like that? Could it be a lion?'
'Oh no,' said the witch doctor, 'lions would go for a foot or leg if they were hungry.'
'What about a tiger then?'
'Definitely not,' continued the wise man of the tribe. 'Tigers only eat people's arms.'
'That's very odd then,' continued the baffled explorer. 'What could it have been?'
'Well, what did your member look like?'
'Oh,' thought the victim, 'it was about eight inches long and had four scars near the top, that looked like the points of a compass.'
'Oh, that explains it,' exclaimed the witch doctor. 'That will be our local jaguar. He is a very rare type.'
'Really,' replied the patient, 'what sort is he...'
'He's a four-point tool-eater jaguar.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final

Belinda on her Bike

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER FLODQUIST

The sight of a slim attractive girl clad in black with her legs astride a powerful motorbike is a highly erotic image. That's what our regular photographer Peter Flodquist decided when he saw 22-year-old Belinda Brown speeding along the A23 to Brighton. He told us she looked so sexy that when she pulled into a cafe for a cup of coffee he stopped as well just to see if she was as pretty without her helmet as he hoped. She was, and he'd soon arranged for Belinda to reveal more of her lithe 34-24-35 figure in front of his camera. 'I don't mind guys seeing my body when I sunbathe nude, so I didn't mind stripping for *Mayfair*. In fact I find it a turn on to show myself to thousands of men. My motto is to live for today because you never know what's going to happen tomorrow. I'm not going to tell any of the guys I go out with because they read *Mayfair* and I want to see if they recognise me.' Belinda has been riding her customised chopper for three years. 'I used to go out with a biker and loved motorcycles so much that when we split up I saved up for one of my own. It's the only way to travel.'

Belinda ruefully admits there are some things which you just can't do on a bike, as she has found out from bitter experience. 'It happened when I was going out with a biker. We went out to the woods late one night, but the ground was so wet we had to experiment on the bike seat. Unfortunately it all went wrong and the bike toppled over with me underneath.' In the fall Belinda's foot was trapped under the bike and she broke her ankle. 'I was hobbling around with my leg in plaster for weeks, and couldn't even ride on the back of a bike. Of course I was far too embarrassed to tell anyone how it happened.' Having learned her lesson from that unfortunate accident, Belinda now owns a kingsize water bed. 'So far I've never fallen off that.'

Belinda says she is really turned on by the feeling of power, speed and freedom she gets while riding her bike. 'When I'm speeding along with the wind in my face and the bike throbbing between my legs my mind starts to wander and I think about the various guys I've known and what we used to get up to. So if any of your readers spot me on the Brighton road and I have a faraway look in my eyes, they will know what I'm thinking. Well, not exactly what I'm thinking, I hope, or I'd blush.' Belinda is at art college in London, but travels home to Brighton most weekends to see her family and friends. 'I have a secret ambition to be the first Lady Godiva on a bike and travel all the way home starkers. That would turn some heads.'

DON'T GET BEHIND IN '83

This is your last chance to send for your full-colour *Mayfair* calendar for 1983. They're selling like hot cakes, so if you don't act fast and send in your order you might end up looking at blank walls for a year instead of gazing on a delightful new dolly every month. Ours is Britain's biggest-selling glamour calendar and it is little wonder as it features twelve of our most beautiful girls carefully selected from the pages of *Mayfair*. And our large size calendar format means that the pictures are even bigger than those used in the magazine. Your 1983 *Mayfair* calendar is guaranteed to make every month a special occasion and bring you 365 red-letter days. It will be sent to you for just £1.90 including postage and discreet plain packaging. So don't delay, clip out the coupon right away and send it off to us today.

Or if you can't bear to walk out on our gorgeous girls, why not take them with you and keep them next to your heart in the 1983 *Mayfair* diary. Imagine the pleasure of taking a lingering look at one of the twelve delightful dollies featured in our calendar every time you make an appointment. That would certainly make each day a date to remember. The month-at-a-glance format keeps the diary slim and allows it to be slipped easily into a jacket, perfect for the hectic businessman with a social life to match. It costs only £1.75 including postage and discreet packing, send off now.

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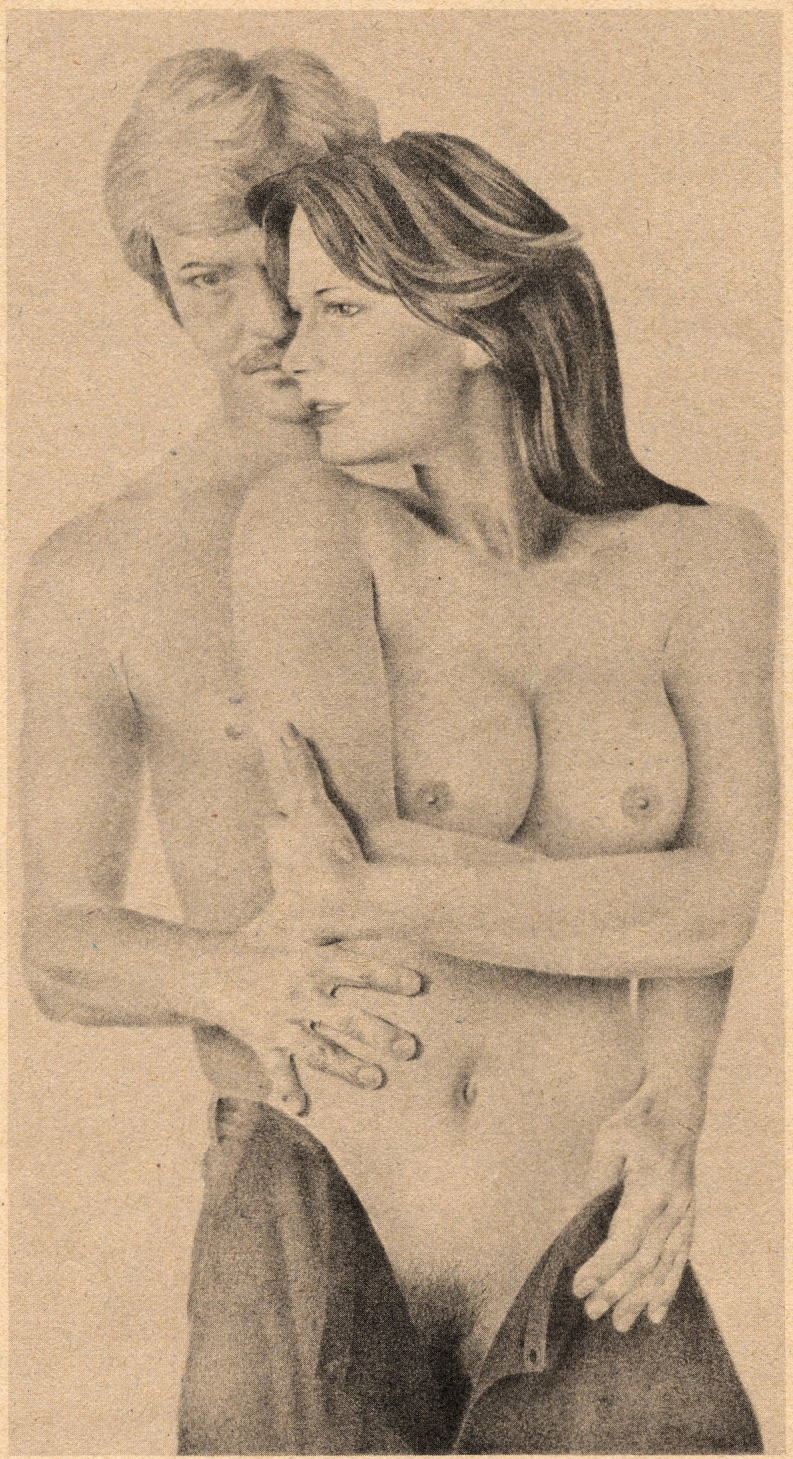

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Fifteen

Many different factors can influence our emotions and sexual response. A romantic situation, the right approach, even the weather can have an effect. This month Quest discovers how the climate can play a vital role in a relationship

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

REPRESENTATIVE, 25 years old, brunette, town of origin Stafford

This interviewee left school at 17 with four O-levels and became a student nurse. Three years ago she joined a pharmaceutical firm as a sales representative. She travels widely, and lives alone.

Quest: I take it that your job doesn't make your social life easy.

Representative: True. I'm away from home perhaps two nights every week. Last winter, I was stuck in Swansea for almost a week, not able to get out of town in any safety.

Quest: Is it at times like that that you wish you had a different job?

Representative: Not this time. I met Iain during that week.

Quest: Did you have an affair?

Representative: Yes, we did. It was so strange how it all happened.

Quest: In what way?

Representative: I've been a representative now for two years and believe me, nothing like that ever happened previously or has happened since. You hear of people who become very emotional during storms, but I'd never have believed anything good of last year's freeze.

Quest: Did you have a boyfriend at the time?

Representative: Oh yes. I'm not a lonely spinster. I have had a few boyfriends in my time.

Quest: So why were you so vulnerable when you met Iain?

Representative: Now don't get me wrong – I wanted the relationship as much as Iain did. It was the whole depressing thing, I suppose, being cut off and no way out at all except by helicopter.

Quest: How did you meet Iain?

Representative: I'd been working that area, doing the rounds as we say. I was staying at this lovely little private hotel in a village just outside town. Iain was also staying there.

Quest: What did he do?

Representative: He was a travelling salesman too, though he was his own boss.
Quest: What was your first impression?
Representative: I'd just called my boyfriend from the pay phone in the hall and was feeling a bit homesick when Iain came in and registered. I didn't notice him at first really, because he had on one of those bulky parkas. Anyway I went into the TV room so I could keep warm by the fire, then Iain came downstairs and started warming himself. I was the only other guest and he started to chat to me. I remember thinking to myself how dishy he was. About mid 30s, tall, dark, cheerful and good looking to boot.
Quest: How did you get to know him well enough to have sex?
Representative: We talked a bit that night and I saw him at breakfast the next morning. We just seemed to talk and get on well – he had a marvellous, sharp sense of humour. He made me laugh. Then, that evening he asked me if I'd care to accompany him into town to see if there was anything open. He said he couldn't stand hot pot again. It was all perfectly innocent, but that's the way a lot of affairs start.
Quest: Where did you go?
Representative: He drove into town, very slowly as the roads were icy and we found a small Italian restaurant open. We had a lovely meal and a bottle of chianti to go with it, and I was a little drunk. I remember the conversation getting more and more fruity, more intimate if you know what I mean, and then I felt his hand brushing against my knee. I didn't say anything and if I had, I suppose it might have stopped there. I felt terribly wicked being with him. It was almost as though I shouldn't have been with him, going out with another man. I remember that as we walked back to his car he had his arm round me, and he stopped and pulled me to him and gave me a big kiss on the lips. I thought at the time how romantic it was.
Quest: What happened back at the hotel?
Representative: I got this pounding feeling in my head when I felt his hands fondle my breasts, even though they were covered by three layers of woolies. I would have been quite prepared to have him make love to me there in the car park, but when I got into the hotel and I went to my room and he went to his, I'd had time to think things out more. I knew he'd come to my room later, so I decided to be ready for him. I undressed and took my bra off, but put back on a clean pair of my briefest knickers and my nightdress. I remember lying back in bed hoping that he'd be along, and rubbing myself, just easing my middle finger between my lips. There was a knock on the door about half an hour later, and when I answered it, it was Iain, with two glasses, a half bottle of whisky and a bottle of soda water. We never got round to drinking.
Quest: You had intercourse?
Representative: He came and sat next to me on the bed and he started undoing the top buttons on my nightie. When they were undone, he yanked it down my shoulders so that my breasts were exposed. His head went straight to them, and he began teasing my nipples – that always gets me going. Then he began kissing me on my neck, moving his lips back down to my breasts. He started rucking up my nightie and his lips and tongue were moving over my belly button. I was lying out on the bed and he had his head next to my knickers. My brain was exploding. No man had ever kissed me there before. I was hot and bothered, and as he eased down my knickers, I couldn't control myself. I started thrashing about wildly as his tongue teased at my pubes, worming it's hot way down into my slit. The warmth of his breath there, and the incredible, almost disgusting, things he was doing to me, gave me my first ever oral orgasm.
Quest: Did you have intercourse properly?
Representative: We did later, but on that occasion, when I'd recovered, Iain had undressed and got in bed with me. It was then that I realised that I didn't really understand what I was doing. He started kissing me again, and I felt him against my belly, throbbing and poker-hot, but in that confused state, I said no when he tried to nuzzle his cock between my legs, and so I turned and asked him if he understood that I didn't want to do it like that, be a one night stand. That's all it could be he told me, as he had to be leaving in the morning. In a way I was grateful because I had the perfect 'out' if I wanted. He didn't seem too worried and got out of bed to get dressed. I remember watching him, watching his gorgeous cock, still erect and feeling terribly guilty. I tried to give a sort of explanation and it infuriated me even more that he seemed to accept it. 'What about *that*?' I asked him. 'He's used to the old cold shower treatment,' he said. I tried again to explain that I didn't want to be just another notch for a lonely salesman, and I got out of bed and went over to him, grabbing him by the cock. I started jerking him, getting him fully erect again and led him to the bed. I thought I might relieve him and make amends. I sat on the edge of the bed and he came and stood in front of me, his erection between my breasts. As I cupped them and squeezed them round his thing, he started moving back and forth. He came after a few strokes, and seemed to get very turned on by coming that way. After he left I felt terribly guilty about everything wishing we'd become lovers or at least parted after getting to know each other better.

> 'I felt him up against my belly, hard and poker-hot, but when he tried to nuzzle me, I refused him.'

Quest: How did the relationship develop?
Representative: I saw him at breakfast the next morning and he said he was off straight away. We exchanged information and agreed to telephone if he was ever in Birmingham or I in Manchester. And then I watched later as he packed up the car. There was snow everywhere and driving would have been dangerous but he seemed intent on going. There wasn't a car on the road outside all morning. He left eventually, and I went up to my room, started to cry. Why, I don't know. It was wrong to get involved and I knew that, yet still I wanted to – but hadn't. I analysed it over and over. I was being silly; no, I was being sensible; no, I was stupid. I remember thinking of going home myself, of sitting at my bedroom window and watching the snow fall. Everything was white as white can be. You couldn't tell where the road was. A little while later I went downstairs to read and I heard this car pull up. I looked out the front and it was Iain. He came back to the hotel and asked if he could stay a few days longer.
Quest: Why?
Representative: It seems that the roads a few miles further down were impassable. Eventually a police patrol came along and said that they were awaiting a snow plough. So he decided to do a U-turn and see if I was still there.
Quest: How did you feel when you saw him?
Representative: Relieved. Happy. Joyful.
Quest: And you had sex straight away?
Representative: No. We spent most of the afternoon in the television lounge, watching the box as it was too cold to go out. We just talked and talked.
Quest: And afterwards?
Representative: We had a meal at the hotel that night. We had a few drinks that evening and went up to my room, the tension almost unbearable.
Quest: You had sex?
Representative: That first time, it was almost instinctive. Iain had a gorgeous body – I couldn't wait to get him out and see him again. I undid his fly and eased out his

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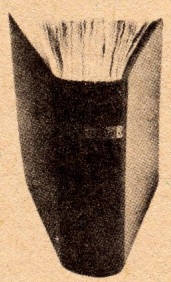

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gorgeous thingy. It was lovely. I gave him a couple of squeezes to get him hard, and he began to undress. I caught sight of him in the dressing table mirror, his gorgeous bare chest and his heavenly cock poking through his trousers. He undressed completely and came to me, undoing my trousers and easing me out of my woolly, I thought my head would explode as he undid my bra and his tongue found my nipples and he began sucking. I could feel a throbbing in my head, the blood rushing through me, just like when I was a teenager. I felt like a virgin again. It was so beautiful as he pushed that fantastic cock into me. It wasn't all that different to my boyfriend's but it felt so good. I began moaning as he pushed in. Soon his rhythm was up, and he was slamming into me. I came and almost passed out, I was so over-excited. When I came round a few seconds later, he was rolling me around, his hand was tracing out the contours of my bottom, and he was really holding me very tight. He was squeezing my buttocks so hard, so beautifully that it hurt, and then I felt him quicken and give that gorgeous final plunge deep into me and come.

Quest: Was it the start of a long relationship?

Representative: We stayed in the hotel for another four days before we ventured out. We spent most of that time humping.

Quest: Do you still see each other?

Representative: No. We left on the Friday and said we'd phone – but we never did. It could never happen again, and I don't regret it. It's just difficult keeping the smile off my face when my boyfriend talks about the lousy winter last year.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 2

AUDIO TYPIST, Blonde, 24 years old, town of origin Walsall

The interviewee moved from her home in the Midlands about five years ago to work in Central London. She lives alone in a modern flat in the suburbs.

Quest: Would you call yourself a moody person?

Audio Typist: No, not particularly. I get fed up with work sometimes but who doesn't? Even then I try not to let it show.

Quest: Do you always disguise it when you're depressed?

Audio Typist: Oh yes. People are always saying I'm the life and soul of the party, even when I feel like somebody has just trampled me to death. I can only remember one time that I let my feelings show through.

Quest: When was that?

Audio Typist: When I was going out with Steve. I don't think I told you, we were practically engaged. We'd been going out together for about eighteen months. But that was before Julia's party.

Quest: What happened?

Audio Typist: Well, it will probably sound rather silly to you, but it was the last straw for me. Steve and I had been having lots of silly arguments prior to the party, usually about his 'socialising.' Namely that he was always chatting and gossiping with friends and never bringing me into the conversation. Sometimes, quite literally I'd be left on my own in a corner while he was cracking jokes with his friends. That used to annoy me, so I told him that if he did it at Julia's I'd kill him. He just laughed in that irritating way he had when he knew I had a point. But when we got there I could sense it would happen again, especially when I saw Mandy.

Quest: Mandy?

Audio Typist: A colleague of Steve's. I knew he'd be smitten as soon as I saw her. She was wearing this long, white satin evening dress with a low V neck and her boobs showing. And through the slit in the side of the skirt I noticed she was even wearing bloody suspenders! I mean it's a bit corny isn't it? I knew Steve loved that sort of thing, he was always on at me to dress like that, but I refused on principle. I mean it's just not practical is it? When Steve saw Mandy his eyes almost fell out. He knew he'd promised to stay with me but every time he thought I wasn't looking he'd be giving her the eye.

> 'I watched his hand as it crept up her thigh, past her suspenders and then arrived at her bottom'

Quest: So what happened?

Audio Typist: I went to the toilet and came back to find them dancing, Steve still staring into her cleavage and making little jokes that had her giggling in her stupid way. Sure enough I soon witnessed his hand creeping up her thigh by these ridiculous suspenders and the other reached around her bottom. He hadn't realised that I was there and I thought of rowing with him on the spot, but I wanted to see how far they'd go. His head started to dip into those enormous boobs of hers, kissing them and then his fingers began to edge towards her panties. Slowly one finger then another slipped in. Mandy sighed. I watched his hand moving about under the shiny material and I knew just where they were heading. Steve loved finger-fucking and he was whispering something in her ear. I was boiling with anger and was about to go and yell at them when this idiot came up and asked me where I worked. I swung round on him and told him where to go, then I felt sorry for him and apologised. After all he might have been in the same situation, being jilted by someone. But by the time I had spoken to him they'd disappeared.

Quest: So what did you do?

Audio Typist: I decided I couldn't face a row in public, practically all my friends were there. So I just stormed out. I grabbed my jacket and half ran back to my flat. It was pouring with rain, I remember and the long dress I had on was getting soaked but I didn't care. My mind was full of what I'd seen before. His hands on her bottom, the fingers inside her knickers. Then I could imagine him inside her, that rhythmical movement I knew so well, slow and expert at first and then faster until a climax. I remembered just how good it had felt with me. I could almost feel his fingers inside me as I walked faster and faster. Finally I got to the flat, my black dress just sticking to me all over, and hurled myself onto the sofa. The rain was beating against the window as I sat there and I just kept thinking, 'What a bastard, what a bastard.'

Quest: Did you hear from him after that?

Audio Typist: No, but then that's not surprising. For the next few days I took the phone off the hook and refused to answer the door.

Quest: You were obviously very depressed at that time but didn't you ever feel like just going out and trying to forget about it, like you have done before?

Audio Typist: No, I didn't, but then the weather didn't help.

Quest: The weather?

Audio Typist: Yes, the next couple of days were cold and damp. Not wet enough to call rain, just that cold, depressing sort of day where you just want to stay by the fire. I remember just staring out of the flat at the wet pavements and I just couldn't bring myself to face going out. I even took days off work and sat at home, looking at the windows all misted up with condensation. Occasionally I'd dash down to the off licence for a bottle of wine and watch television but everything reminded me of that bastard Steve. So I'd go back to staring out of the window.

Quest: So when did your mood lift?

Audio Typist: I had been at home for about four days and it was on the last of these that everything seemed to change. For a start the sun came out. For the first time seemingly for ages the mist cleared from the windows and the pavements dried. It even shone into the flat and the whole place seemed brighter. It even made me feel better and I started to clear the place up a bit. Then I thought it would be nice to have a breath of fresh air and so I set off for the park. It was cold but sunny, rather invigorating and somehow it made me feel that it was time for things to change, and would you believe that's just what happened.

Quest: How?

Audio Typist: I was in that park and feeling so much better that I thought I would sit down on one of the benches, and just watch the ducks and Canada geese fighting for bread crumbs. I was so involved I hardly noticed a young man sit down next to me. I sat back smiling as one of the ducks managed to nip in ahead of a huge goose for its dinner when I saw the young man had a thermos with him. 'Do you want some?' he asked. I accepted. He looked friendly and sincere and so when he started to strike up a conversation I joined in instead of shunning him as I might have done before. He told me he was new to London and hadn't made many friends. He had a quiet voice when he spoke and the sun showed up all the wrinkles on his face, especially when he laughed. In a strange way I fancied him. He was so different from Steve, the fast-talking womaniser I was used to. We sat chatting for nearly an hour and I could see from his eyes he was debating whether to ask me out. I

decided I would save him the bother. I asked him.

Quest: What did you suggest?

Audio Typist: That if he wasn't doing anything that afternoon, I show him the sights. He agreed saying that it was far too pleasant a day to spend indoors. I agreed. Anyway we did the usual tour around town. Then I suggested we went back to my flat. He was a little shocked at first but agreed. We stopped at the off licence for some wine. The owner said, 'You look cheerful . . .' and you know I really was. That evening I told Phillip (that was his name) the whole story.

> He had a beard and it tickled as it moved over my nipples but this just excited them even more

He put his arm around me and it felt great. I felt secure for the first time in days.

Quest: What happened after that?

Audio Typist: He began to hold me tighter and my arm went around his waist. Soon he was kissing me, his tongue in my mouth and his hands moving up the front of my jeans. He was not as expert in his movements as Steve but more gentle. His fingers reached my boobs, they felt really light on them and as his fingertips played with my nipples through my blouse it seemed like the most sensitive way I have ever been touched. I began to pull his shirt from his trousers and move my hands inside the material. He was slim and muscular, very firm as I crept up his waist to his chest. I moved until I was sitting on his lap. His kissing became more intense and I could feel his erection growing between my legs. One of my hands moved down there clutching it through his trousers feeling it respond in my hand. He had undone my blouse and slipped off my bra and was kissing my breasts all over. He had a beard and it prickled as it moved across my nipples, exciting them still further. Then I felt his hand slip inside my trousers at the back, reaching into the elastic of my panties. For a second I thought of Steve and Mandy but I knew that this was so completely different. This wasn't just drunken party lust, it was the end to a great day and I hoped it would end many great days to come.

Quest: Did you have sex?

Audio Typist: I should say so. After the depressing days before I really felt like it and Phillip was just what I wanted, caring and considerate. When I began to take him out, I think he was a bit worried. But I reassured him. This wasn't going to be a one-night stand. Slowly he began to pull down my jeans and as his hand touched my bush a shiver of excitement went through me. He eased it into me as I sat there on his knees. As I thought, he was very satisfying. He hardly had to move to send thrills through my body. He eased in and out slowly at first and I urged him to go faster. But he controlled it perfectly. His tempo quickened and I could feel myself about to come and so could he. Then I yelled as I came, I remember feeling it was a release of all the pent-up emotion of the last few days and my climax was probably one of the best I've ever had. Afterwards he began to kiss my bush, hot and wet as it was and shortly after we did it again. This time even more tenderly than before. Then we slept in each other's arms.

Quest: How did you feel in the morning?

Audio Typist: Wonderful. Like that whole nasty period of my life was over and a new one was starting. And guess what? As we woke up together the sun was shining right onto us. Now that has to be an omen for the future. I hope so. We're still going out together.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 3

SECRETARY, brunette, age 26 years, town of origin Leicester

This interviewee left school at 18 and emigrated to Australia with her parents. She has now returned to England and shares a flat in North London.

Quest: Would you say that emotion is important to your sexual attitudes?

Secretary: I'm sorry I don't understand.

Quest: Do you have to be in the right frame of mind emotionally speaking before you have sex?

Secretary: Oh yes, I think most girls do. I don't think we're as purely physical in our sex drives as men are. They seem to get horny very easily, but speaking for myself, it takes a lot more than just seeing an attractive man. There are many things which I find can alter my mood to either put me off sex or turn me on. Even something so simple as the weather, for example, can help put me in the mood. In fact I can remember one occasion where a thunderstorm led to me having one of the most satisfying sexual experiences of my life.

Quest: A storm?

Secretary: Yes. I don't think David and I would have ended up in bed together that day if it hadn't been for the storm, in fact I'm sure of it.

Quest: How did that come about?

Secretary: Oh, David was the older brother of a friend of mine. In fact I knew him quite well too. And it all happened not long after I came back from Australia.

Quest: How long had you been away?

Secretary: About six years. I went out there with my parents and sister just after I took my 'A' levels. I really enjoyed it out there, but last year I decided I wanted to come back to live in England for a while. That's when I met David again.

Quest: Please explain.

Secretary: Well, David is the older brother of my best friend, Jane. I'd kept in touch by regular letters all the time I was away, and we were still very close. But I didn't tell her I was coming home because I just wanted to turn up on her doorstep one day and surprise her. I knew she'd get a kick out of that.

Quest: Where was she living?

Secretary: Out in Buckinghamshire, in a small village. She was still living with her

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parents and saving up to get married. I decided one Sunday to just go along and give her a shock. That's when I met David again.
Quest: How?
Secretary: He was the only one in because their parents were on holiday and Jane was staying at her fiancée's. David was looking after the house for the week to feed the dogs and everything. He didn't recognise me at first because I looked like a drowned rat.
Quest: It was raining?
Secretary: A huge storm. I was so excited at the thought of seeing Jane again that I left my umbrella on the train. Well, living in Australia for six years I'd got out of the habit of carrying one around. Anyway, I had to walk about a mile to their house from the station, and just my bloody luck for a storm to break when I was halfway there. That's why I turned up on their doorstep dripping wet.
Quest: What did David say?
Secretary: He was very surprised but insisted that I come in and stay for tea.
Quest: How did the storm put you in the mood for sex?
Secretary: It sparked off an old memory I'd almost forgotten about, when I was changing in Jane's room.
Quest: Changing?
Secretary: Yes. He said that while he was making tea, I should go to Jane's room and find some dry clothes to change into. That's when I remembered a similar stormy Sunday afternoon about eight years earlier, when David and I had also been alone together.
Quest: What happened then?
Secretary: For some reason David and I were alone in the house for the day, but I can't remember why now. Anyway, I was sixteen and he was a year older. We'd known each other for a few years and he always used to tease me when I came round. I used to blush because he was very handsome and I sort of had a crush on him. I think he suspected that, because he kept giving me little squeezes and cuddles. But that afternoon things went a bit further.
Quest: Please explain.
Secretary: Well, we'd been horsing around indoors because the storm stopped us going outside and it developed into a friendly wrestle on the hearthrug. I think we'd been arguing about something, but I can't remember. Anyway, David was much stronger than me and he soon had me down kneeling over me and pinning my hands to the floor above my head. I was lying on my back looking up at him and we were both breathing heavily after the exertion. I suddenly became aware of how handsome he was and how close his body was to mine. I think he suddenly realised as well, because I saw that he was looking at me differently. He told me later that that was the first time he realised he found me attractive.
Quest: What happened?
Secretary: Before I realised what was happening, he had leaned forwards and was kissing me. I felt his lips against mine and his tongue pushing into my mouth. I'd never kissed a boy like that before but I found myself responding and when he let go of my arms I put them around him and held him tight against me.
Quest: Did you have sex?
Secretary: Oh, no. I was much too scared for that. I think we both were because he was pretty inexperienced as well.
Quest: How far did you go?
Secretary: When he was lying on top of me I could feel his thingy pressing against me. We'd talked about them at school and heard stories from the more precocious girls, but I'd never seen one before. I was feeling quite excited because he began to gently massage my boobs through my blouse and it made me feel so good I didn't protest when he began to undo it. I let him take off my bra as well, and he kissed and licked my nipples.
Quest: How did you react?
Secretary: I'd never felt like that before, it felt so good. I didn't want him to stop. I was hugging him against me and I could feel his thing pressing into my thigh. He took my hand and put it on his bulge, and I started to rub him. I really wanted to take it out and touch it, but I was too frightened.

> "I dressed to encourage him in a white see-through dress and brief pants – not even tights or anything"

Quest: Did you go any further?
Secretary: Only a bit. He was kissing me still and I felt his hand on my leg and it started to move up under my skirt. I was sort of frozen with fear and desire and I wanted him to go further but was afraid at the same time. I felt his hand move slowly up my thigh, stroking and tickling until it reached my pants. As soon as he touched me through the thin material I felt so hot and flushed I sort of panicked and clamped my legs together tightly. I told him we couldn't go any further because I didn't want to risk having a baby. And I think he was almost relieved because I'm not sure he'd had any practical experience. When he stood up I saw the bulge in his trousers. That night when I was at home in bed I'd started to touch myself down there while I thought of that bulge and what his thing would look like.
Quest: So you remembered that similar afternoon while you were changing.
Secretary: Yes. And it made me feel quite naughty. I hadn't had any sex since leaving my boyfriend in Australia, and I'd noticed that David was still very handsome.
Quest: So you decided to seduce him?
Secretary: That does sound a bit like I'm some sort of dangerous woman. It wasn't really like that, though I did dress in a provocative way hoping that it might encourage him.
Quest: What did you wear?
Secretary: I found a sexy white dress of Jane's that was virtually see-through, and I just put on a scant pair of pants under it. No tights or anything. Then while we were sitting by the fire I steered the conversation around to the good old days, and we laughed about the scrapes we'd got into.
Quest: Did you mention that day, or did he?
Secretary: I did. Conversation drifted around to the weather in Australia, and the storm, and I asked him if he remembered that stormy Sunday afternoon when we'd been alone together before. I hoped he might take a hint because I'd noticed he'd been giving my body admiring glances when he thought I wasn't looking.
Quest: How did he react?
Secretary: He seemed a little embarrassed, and to cover his confusion leant over to pour me another cup of tea. I decided on the spur of the moment to give him a little nudge.
Quest: What did you do?
Secretary: His hand was on the floor, so I just stroked it with my bare foot. It produced the reaction I wanted as he took hold of my foot and began kissing my toes, running his tongue over my nails and tickling and arousing me at the same time. Then he began kissing his way up my foot, over my ankle and up my leg, telling me how beautiful I was and how I'd always turned him on. I began to get excited and as he gently lifted the hem of my dress and began kissing my inner thighs I felt myself get damp down there. His tongue felt so warm and ticklish as he licked my thighs, and then I felt him kissing my pussy through the pants, his tongue flicking up and down over the crack through the thin material which was soon soaking wet with my juices.
Quest: How did you react?
Secretary: I felt I had to see his gorgeous cock right that minute, and to feel it inside me. I told him to take his clothes off and watched fascinated as he stood up in front of me and stripped off. He had a lovely body and I felt so excited as he took off his sweatshirt and jeans and began to peel off his pants. He was beautiful and hard, and I had to touch it there and then, to take it in my mouth and stroke his balls. I slipped to the floor and knelt in front of him, kissing him and flicking my tongue over the end. Then he gently took hold of my hair as I closed my mouth over him and gradually began to move my lips up and down his hardness.
Quest: Did he climax?
Secretary: I should say so. As I began to suck on him and tease him with my tongue I felt his thighs go tense then he went rigid and I felt him flood into me.
Quest: Did you have actual sexual intercourse?
Secretary: Oh yes. After he'd climaxed I slipped off my dress and pants. We stood there kissing and stroking each other and when he began licking and sucking my nipples I felt him go hard again. He pushed me back onto the sofa and stood up holding my ankles apart so I was open to him. I was so damp down there he slid into me easily and I felt so excited and vulnerable as he held my ankles over my head and began to slowly thrust into me, building up speed and power as we both began to get worked up. I felt his thrusts get harder and harder, then he flooded into me and I climaxed as his spurts filled me. Afterwards we lay cuddling by the fire and later we went to bed together and made love again. It was still stormy and we joked about how it had taken us so long since our first fumbling attempts to end up in bed together.
Quest: Thank you.

Nikki

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

'Take your knickers off!' They have to be four of the most erotic words in the language, and watching a girl peeling down her panties must be the most arousing view in the world. At least, that's what we found when we took a poll in the *Mayfair* office. But we were biased after the glimpse we caught of 33–23–33 Nikki Elgar that prompted this photo set.

Lovely 20-year-old Nikki is being featured in *Mayfair* after being spotted and admired by a member of our staff. The eager journalist was buying some jeans in an Oxford Street unisex clothes shop when he noticed Nikki going into a changing booth with tiny swing doors that barely covered her charming attributes. He stood enthralled as she slowly eased down her dress. Then she began to pull down a minuscule pair of panties. She rolled them down to her thighs until they reached her knees and then only just hidden by the doors, bent down to pick up the Levis she was trying on. Our writer was so impressed he asked her if she'd do the same for our readers. We're happy to say she finally agreed.

Naturally Nikki was surprised when she was offered the chance to appear in *Mayfair*. 'It was a real shock when the man came up to me in the boutique,' she claimed. 'I thought he must be from *Game for a Laugh* until he showed me his card. But it has been a wonderful experience. I loved modelling – who knows it might be the start of a new career.' Nikki currently works behind the counter of a bank near her home in Basingstoke. 'I was only in town for the day. London is the best place for clothes, especially the tight stretch jeans that I like. But you can't wear knickers underneath them without a panty line, which is why I took them off in the shop.' Not that Nikki dislikes underwear. 'I love panties,' she told us,' especially sexy silk or satin ones with lace trimmings. But I'll quite happily pull them down for *Mayfair* anytime.'

Gabrielle

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
DEREK BURTON

To look at Gabrielle Hayes' 34-23-34 figure, you'd never guess that she spends her days looking after her children, the oldest of whom is nearly five. 'Well, that's the way I get rid of guys who are pestering me,' she admitted. 'If I say that they're off like a shot. Of course they're not really *mine*, I'm a playleader.' Gabby, as she is known to her friends, is 21 and has been a playleader in North London since leaving college last year.

You would expect that working with youngsters all day would be enough to tire Gabby out, but she still finds plenty of energy for a vigorous game of badminton in the evenings. And every Saturday and Sunday mornings she goes for a long jog in the park. 'It's a bit surprising for my boyfriends when I leap out of bed at 7am, specially if we haven't had much sleep the night before, but they're used to it by now.' In fact she met her current boyfriend when he rescued her from a dog. 'I was being chased across the park by an alsatian when he shooed it away using his umbrella as a weapon.'

CARRIE

Our stripgirl finally tumbles to why her telly is on the blink

LETTERS

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over, Helen put on some music. It was loud disco music and sitting watching those tits bouncing up and down was tremendous. Helen then started to complain laughingly that she only had panties on whilst the other girls were wearing skirts. So to suitable music, Mary slowly took off hers. I encouraged Angela to do the same. She was reluctant at first but slowly she undid it and let it slide to the floor. There she stood unashamed and totally naked. It turned out that she wasn't wearing pants, and her brown bush was fully exposed. She just sauntered over to the settee and casually sat down. To cover any possible embarrassment, the two men immediately turned to their wives and soon their panties were dropped into my hand. Mary and Helen seemed to be enjoying it, and soon the dancing continued. I was able to hold Mary in places that would never be associated with *Come Dancing* and she began to unzip my fly. I noticed that George was holding Angela's bottom with one hand and her breast with another whilst Frank was attacking her from behind, his hands reaching her mound.

Then I watched, strangely unemotional, as Angela was propped against a wall as George lowered his pants and trousers and slowly entered her. As soon as he had unloaded himself, Frank took over this time less gently, and from the rear. The combination of watching this and the attentions of the two other ladies had my tool fully erect. So I went over to Angela and lowered my tool to her mouth. She generously parted her legs and Helen began to dip her fingers inside her and spread her juices over her body, whispering into her ear. This was just too much to watch and I quickly climaxed. But the girls hadn't finished yet. Helen began kissing her as Mary nuzzled her glistening bush. It was great to watch her being pleasured so exquisitely. Her nipples were swollen, and we knew she would soon come. When she did, it was with a s h u d d e r i n g c l i m a x. Spontaneously we started to clap. At this Angela's eyes opened, and she smiled.

It had been a perfect evening, totally spontaneous and we went back to our own flat having enjoyed every minute. But there has been one consequence as I suggested at the beginning of this letter. He or she arrives in April – I'm just keeping my fingers crossed.

Name and Address withheld

I hope you like this extract that I found on the front page of the Nigerian newspaper, *Lagos Weekend*. I would like to point out that this is not an unusual story for the paper, being rather more sensational than our press. Needless to say it soon sells out. The headline was *A Big Show – as man and woman stick together*, and I quote directly.

'It was a unique show! A male organ "the biggest ever to be shown in that area", as long as a metre, as thick as a three-inch rod and weighing over 5.8 kilogrammes, as an eye witness described it.

It belonged to a malam. And he grudgingly exhibited it at the Etim Edem market in Calabar last weekend.

Earlier on, the malam had got his human rod stuck in the sex organ of a woman food hawker. The woman, tagged Mama Put, was hawking her food when the malam beckoned to her.

She followed him into the yam shed where an agreement was sealed for a quickie.

In a jiffy the woman bent over showing the malam the smooth top to her buttocks. And in a dog style, the malam struggled to put his over-sized thing in. After ejaculation, the malam wanted to remove his organ. But he could not. The woman also tried to pull away. They were stuck together.

They tried to free themselves but with no success.

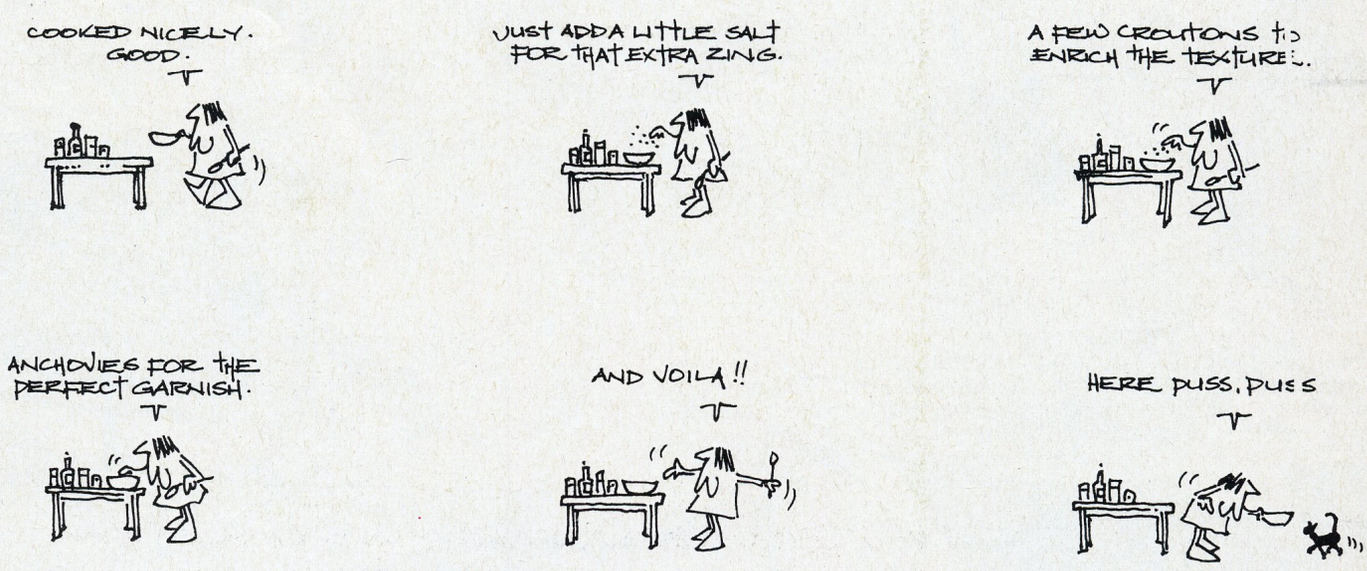
And the woman worried so much she cried out for help.

In a second, a crowd formed around the elderly siamese twins. Good Samaritans tried to pull the rod away from the tight grips of the female organ. It was difficult.

Later the two were bundled into a hand cart and carried onto a hospital.

There the rod was medically released from detention.'

Peter Hogarth, London W1

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

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